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MEMOIR OF EDWARD BIRD.

THE father of Edward Bird was a carpenter, residing at Wolverhampton, in the county of Stafford, and possessing but small means for the support of a large family, (seven being living at the time Bird was apprenticed;) our painter was deprived of an education, the want of which he sorely regretted in after life, devoting himself, when unoccupied by the claims of his profession, to the cultivation of those powers of mind, which, it is not to be doubted, were naturally of a very superior class.

He was born in the year 1772, and, to use the words of almost every biographer, "displayed from his earliest childhood a precocity of talent that astonished and delighted his friends and acquaintance." It is probable that the dawn of his talent may have first beamed in its infantine simplicity upon the walls of his father's house—that legitimate field of the embryo artist. At the age of seven or eight he devoted his time entirely to drawing, and was encouraged in his pursuit by Mr. Hughes, the drawing master to the grammar school, (a gentleman of high character, valued by all who knew him), who, perceiving the bent of young Bird's disposition, stimulated him to the exercise of those powers which promised at an early age to raise him to future eminence. By the assistance of the drawings lent him by this worthy man he formed his first notions of art; and such was his decided inclination, that his parents resolved to make a painter of him, and at the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to Messrs. Taylor and Jones, the principals of a large japan manufactory in the town of his birth.

Bird had now, for the first time, colours and brushes at command; and such was the force of his native talent, and the intensity of his

application, that he soon distanced his humble competitors, and excited the jealousy of the artist at the head of the painting department (Mr. Gower), who would frequently strike his youthful rival, when he caught him copying his productions. It is a vain task to attempt to check the aspirations of genius—resistless as the ocean's swell—subtle as the serpent's venom. Bird was nothing daunted by the ebullitions of his superior's temper, which flattered more than they terrified the enthusiastic boy, since they were, in fact, undeniable proofs of his merit—landmarks of his increasing powers. He that is conscious of possessing "that within which passeth shew," can well abide "the pelting of the pitiless storm." Armed with an inflexible desire of achieving excellence, he constantly waited the opening of the doors of the manufactory at five in the morning, and rushed to the Eden of his hopes, to feast on the forbidden fruit, or, in other words, to copy poor Mr. Gower's master pieces, while he unsuspectingly lay buried in the arms of Somnus.

Having, by these hours of stolen study, and his daily drudgery in the manufactory, acquired a considerable share of dexterity in execution, he disdained to copy what he felt he could excel in composition, if not in colour. He would, therefore, indulge in his own designs, asserting that he could dash off three originals in the time it would take to make one copy; and although the finish was feeble, the character displayed was replete with talent. His feeling for caricature was very powerful, and it was dangerous to come under his lash; not that he was of a malevolent disposition, but he owned that keen sense of the weak and ludicrous, which the deepest thought and purest intentions can scarcely repress. The stupid and the apathetic rail at the very possession of a power, while the observant regret only its application to a fatal excess. Caricature is a foster brother of satire, endued with its biting propensities, but divested of its refinement; it is a power that may either answer the higher purposes of morality, or become the tool of revenge. A modification of the latter feeling led Bird to caricature the overseer of the manufactory, whose duty it was to give out the work, and mark the time of the arrivals. Learning that the non-appearance of this Argus one day at his accustomed post was owing to a sickness, the consequence of a debauch the day before, he immediately produced a series of caricatures, illustrative of the gastronomic propensities of the corpulent overseer, which had such an unexpected effect upon him that he died shortly afterwards. About this time, having obtained permission to copy a picture, representing one of the Apostles, in the Roman Catholic chapel at Wolverhampton, he succeeded so well, that

the priest asked him if he would like to undertake to fill a vacant niche with a picture of his own, in imitation of those by the old masters, which already graced its walls. Bird, full of that confidence which, although often the badge of vanity, is generally the herald of genius, accepted the proposal, asserting that he did not know whether he could equal them, but he would try. There is something very admirable in this unsophisticated burst of the ardent mind of a young man, hitherto immured in a manufactory of tea-trays, deriving, as it were, strength from a contemplation of the powers of others. There is, perhaps, no profession of which the votaries are so forcibly excited by a fresh train of perception as that of painting; latent powers are dragged from the unconscious possessor by the startling appeal of novelty, and a direction is often given to the mental powers by the most vivid sympathy. Bird, for the first time, breathed the illimitable atmosphere of pure art—his mind expanded as it soared unrestricted from the shackles of his employers, and in the first outpouring of his native genius his fate was decided. He produced a companion to the remaining saints which has not only been deemed an equal production, but has, by many competent judges, been awarded the palm of superior merit.

Although still young, being yet an apprentice, Bird's talent developed itself rapidly; and when unoccupied at the manufactory, he painted a variety of pictures, both large and small, for which he obtained purchasers at from two to five guineas each, or which were disposed of in raffles at the New Angel Inn, to furnish him with what he termed his pocket money. With Bird's social talents, and these means of indulging them, it is not surprising that he launched into conviviality, but it was of a very different sort from that which disgraced the career of Morland. Our artist and his companions viewed it as a means of eliciting the mirth and talent repressed beneath the eye of authority, not as a career of unbridled sensuality alone. Bird's purse and pledge were ever at a friend's disposal, and, on one occasion, this youthful joint stock company had run up a score at a quiet public house (without any sign or indication of its quality), which the young gentlemen of the brush could not conveniently discharge, and Bird, on being applied to as cashier-general, proposed to liquidate the debt, by painting a sign for this uncharacterised inn, an offer that was accepted by the good-natured landlord with the promise of a supper for the approaching Saturday night, to consist of a boiled leg of mutton, and "other delicacies of the season." In the mean time our artist had been performing his part of the contract; and on the gala night, when

the long threatening score was to be wiped off by their *joint* efforts, the merry rogues passed to the scene of their revelry beneath a white hart of noble proportions, which not only would have been creditable to a painter of animals, but rescued this important edifice from the oblivion to which a signless reputation would have consigned it. We leave the joyous group at their revels, but are forced to record the facts that their orgies were prolonged till the next day, and that a country wake, at some five miles distance, forbade their return to work; and that, on the third day, simultaneous headaches compelled them, with all the force of the code of Bacchus, to support their drooping spirits, by again passing a few hours at the aforementioned White Hart. Hilarity seldom reckons consequences:—while these jovial youths were sinking their cares in the toast, the song, and the tale, their employers were differently occupied. The painting room, which should have boasted three and twenty industrious youths, could offer to the astonished masters' eyes but three, and the tale of their companions' defection was soon extracted from the weak remainder.

The White Hart still rang with the mirth of the neglectful apprentices, when at three o'clock in walked a constable, and they were all marched off to a distance of five miles to answer for their conduct before a magistrate—the hospitable and highly respected “old Squire Marsh.” Their employer, who had given the worthy squire his cue, accepted their promise of amendment, and they were sentenced to repair to the servants' hall, where they found a cloth ready laid for them, with a display of good viands and strong ale, which were pronounced superior to the cheer afforded by the White Hart.

As Bird advanced with giant strides in his profession, he carefully cultivated his mind, and atoned for his early deficiencies by incessant application to those branches of literature calculated to assist and improve his powers as an artist. He had a considerable taste for poetry, and would compose songs of some merit, which were sung at the “Free and Easy club,” a meeting held for convivial purposes at the Peacock, and which boasted, when the comedians visited the town, upwards of a hundred visitors.

Bird could now paint from a miniature to a panorama, and his versatility of talent induced the manager of the company of comedians to engage him to paint a set of scenes, including those for a new pantomime, to be produced at the Stourbridge theatre. His talent was not lost on the cognoscenti of the neighbouring hamlets, who crowded to behold such a novelty as the scenery of Bird must doubtless have offered. It appears that about this time he determined to perpetuate the glories



of the Free and Easy, and began a picture of magnitude, representing the convivial assembly in its most joyous mood: the variety displayed in this production bore testimony to the original feeling of the artist, and to his powers of composition.

The term of his apprenticeship being completed, he took a painting room at a short distance from the corner of the Horse Fair, where his father resided; and cast aside the trammels of the manufactory to indulge in the dictates of his own genius. He had ever been remarkable for his love of theatricals, and one night in each week was set apart for tragedy, comedy, and even opera; the latter, to gratify the musical propensities of a brother artist (Mr. John Hill), who afterwards figured as principal singer at Covent Garden, with considerable success.

Bird's mind now soared beyond the narrow limits of his native town, and he felt "as a canker at his heart the appeal of ambition, which was so faintly responded to by the virtuosi of his native town." He had already formed plans of future operation in a more extended sphere, when the situation of drawing master to the grammar school becoming vacant, he entered into the competition: luckily, however, for the arts, he was supplanted by a less meritorious candidate, since, had he succeeded, it is probable that his talent would have been lost to the country, and his name preserved alone in the humble annals of a country town.

At the invitation of Thos. Corser, Esq. an ardent admirer of the Arts, and ever afterwards his firm friend, Bird removed to Bristol, where his talents as an artist, and his manners as a man, soon acquired for him distinguished friends and patrons, amongst whom was the late Benjamin Baugh, Esq. banker, who became the purchaser of many of his productions. The gentlemen of Temple Ward were also among the first to encourage him in his new scene of action, and he painted for them a portrait of their esteemed alderman (Noble) in his robes. He afterwards produced the altar-piece for the church of St. Paul, Bristol—the subject of that Apostle's preaching at Athens.

Bird was residing in the family of a worthy old gentleman, Mr. J. Dodrell, an engraver, and an enthusiastic admirer of the Fine Arts, when he formed an attachment, which was reciprocal, with this gentleman's youngest daughter; who, during a long illness, paid him such devoted attention, that, on his recovery, they were married.\*

\* Their first child, a daughter, inherits much of the distinguished talent of her father.

For some time he taught drawing at the principal schools in Bristol ; but finding it interfere with his more immediate studies, he abandoned the security of mediocrity for the chances of ambition. An exhibition being attempted at Bath, he contributed two little pictures, " Playing at Put" and a companion, which were quickly disposed of to — Hare, Esq. who also obtained the other two which were sent to replace his former purchase. Having free access to his studio, I one day found him in a most painter-like ecstasy at the character of a new sitter, an old soldier, who had just arrived from Wootton-under-Edge, a distance of eighteen miles. Bird had already placed him in the centre of a canvas, looking, as he said, as if he were fighting his battles over again. He had as yet no notion of his future picture ; the centre figure was waiting for its companions to decide its christening ; and it was only when the work was considerably advanced that he gave it the title of " Good News." This was the first picture he exhibited at Somerset House. The writer of the present Memoir, in company with a few friends, once asked Bird why he had never painted a picture from a subject which had been such a favorite with him in his boyish days, the Battle of Chevy Chase, of which he had already made a sketch. Bird said, " I will paint a picture of this favourite subject, if the present party will agree to purchase it, and I will get it ready for the competition at the British Institution—the premium, if obtained, to be yours." This proposition was agreed to, and the design was taken from the day following the battle.

" Next day did many a widow come  
Their husbands to bewayle ;  
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevayle."

The picture was finished and sent to London, but a letter was dispatched by the secretary to Bird, with the mortifying intelligence that his painting had been delivered after the appointed time for the reception of the candidates' works, but that it would be allowed its proper situation in the Exhibition. Bird generously offered to return the money he had received for it from his friends, but they assured him that it was merely to give a stimulus to his exertions, that they had secured the purchase ; and that, even if it had obtained the premium, it was not their intention to have deprived him of the benefit resulting from his own talents. The picture was, however, purchased by the Marquess of Stafford for 300 guineas, the price that had been fixed. This success, ushered in by an apparent misfortune, encouraged Bird to commence a trial picture for the ensuing year. His next subject

was "The Death of Eli," and having (as was too frequently the case) neglected it till the eleventh hour, and being dissatisfied with his labours, he threw the picture aside, and abandoned all thoughts of completing it. Sudden determinations and revived hopes form no inconsiderable portions of the circumstances of genius, and we often behold, in the career of men of superior powers, the very improbability of success stimulating to a task of magnitude. Within three days of the time appointed for its reception at the British Gallery, the artist was assailed by an invincible desire to proceed with his long neglected work. With a rapidity seldom equalled he dashed in the principal part of the picture—he succeeded in realizing his wishes, and in two days his *Death of Eli* was completed. It was dispatched to the coach-office wet from the pencil, but was refused by the book-keeper on the score of its size and the quantity of luggage already waiting. The spirited coach proprietor, the late John Weekes, coming into the office, and being made acquainted with the circumstance, declared that all the luggage should be unpacked sooner than that Mr. Bird's picture should be delayed. To this kindly interference the painter was indebted for his success: the picture was adjudged the premium of 300 guineas, and was likewise purchased by the Marquess of Stafford.

Bird was now moving in the first society, esteemed and admired by all who knew him, and his acquaintance sought by the distinguished of every profession. About this time he was engaged in producing a series of designs for Brown's *Self-interpreting Bible*, and such was the rapidity which he displayed in the undertaking, that, on receiving information from his employers that the engraver was standing still, he began and finished two designs, which were sent off by the same day's coach.

Mr. Cromek, being about to publish a print of Stothard's *Canterbury Pilgrims*, visited Bristol, and became acquainted with Bird, whose productions he had an opportunity of displaying to the President of the Royal Academy (West), who, with his usual kindness and liberality, afforded advice and encouragement to our enthusiastic painter. He consulted him as to the propriety of placing his name on the list of candidates for the Associateship. West asked him if he had interest—he said he had none. "If so," replied the worthy President, "do not put down your name, unless you have sufficient philosophy to bear a rejection; at the same time your talent is worthy of the honor you seek." Bird, not easily daunted by the prospect of the chances thus pictured to him, entered his name upon the Academic list, and to the honor of that body be it recorded, he was elected an

Associate without any other interest than that created by his talent. He was very shortly afterwards advanced to the dignity of Academician, and presented, as his reception picture, "The Proclamation of Joas," now in the Council-room of the Royal Academy. He was also appointed historical painter to the Princess Charlotte, and painted for the occasion, "The Surrender of Calais."

Royal patronage, however, was the source of more anxiety than profit to Bird, and the deep mortification he experienced throughout his ill-fated picture, "The embarkation of Louis XVIII." painted for George IV. was not compensated by the splendour of the subject. If a halo of majesty is supposed to circumvent a monarch, the painter is no less envied by a halo of a more refined nature. Sensitive and ambitious, the enthusiastic artist can ill brook the neglect of courts; the manly mind recoils at the subserviency necessary to please the anointed ears of kings, and spurns the petty arts that constitute the whole existence of courtiers. Poor Bird was forced to toil from Bristol to London and back three times, by special appointment, and yet his errand was fruitless. His royal patron had, doubtless, some higher claim to annul that of a man, who, in the language of the courtly fops, was merely a painter. At the time he was painting this picture, he obtained permission to attend the convoy of the French king; and it is but justice to his present Majesty, King William, to state, that to his considerate interference Mr. Bird owed the privilege of being on board the royal vessel, without which his journey would have been to little advantage, as all the figures in that picture were to be portraits.

Bird having had a commission from a nobleman to paint a small copy of the Embarkation; the picture was accordingly lent him by royal permission; but, on returning it to the palace, the painter was told, without any courtly circumlocution to gild the bitter pill, that it could not be again received!

But the time was fast approaching when he was to be snatched from his freshly acquired academic honors, and from the heartless insolence of courts. His constitution had, for some time, been giving way, and, before the final blow which terminated his career, his energies were laid prostrate, and the expiring embers of his once original mind flickered around his impotent ambition, while his palsied hand wielded the pencil in vain. The tongue that had once charmed by its flashes of wit and humour was now chained by disease, and he would, with helpless agony, gaze on his unfinished productions, conscious that they were the last efforts of his decaying genius. After a long illness, he died on the 2nd of November, 1819, aged 48, and was buried in the

cloisters of the cathedral at Bristol, attended to the grave by a numerous assemblage of gentlemen, anxious to pay the last honours to so distinguished an individual. Long after his decease, a tablet was erected to his memory by his *eldest* daughter, from her first gains as an artist.

Bird is comparatively little known to the young artists of the day, yet from his extraordinary powers in the most intellectual branches of art, he deserves to be registered in their respect. From his early education in a tea-tray manufactory, he imbibed a false feeling for colour, which he never successfully combatted—while it gave him a rapidity of handling, seldom equalled, it often marred that refinement which constitutes one of the chief beauties of Art. In the deeper requisites he was a master; his vivid perception—his powers of composition, and his exuberant humour, tended to form a painter of unique excellence. His devotion to Art was unbounded—he never was without his sketch book, and in all his occupations the artist reigned paramount. Effects that would have passed unheeded with the less enthusiastic, were seized by his ever active mind, and his hand soon reproduced their beauty on the canvas; and often, when the midnight lamp had shone on the scene of a late carousal, would the artist be roused from the boon companion, and the uncleansed palette be again pressed into active service.

But it was principally in humour and pathos that his powers were displayed—in humble nature he was highly successful, and, as seen in his series of a Poacher's Career, he could paint a forcible moral. Although his powers of thought, and his depth of feeling, would have ensured him success in any branch of Art, his attempts in the more elevated style were not so replete with vigour and originality as his more humble subjects. Of his powers in the executive department, it is necessary to be cautious in speaking; he possessed a surprising rapidity of pencil and a certain touch; but his colouring was often vapid and false, and his drawing deficient in refinement and correctness. He, nevertheless, possessed an ardent and penetrating mind, capable of seizing the varied hues of nature with an enviable facility, and was endowed with an enthusiasm that supported him in his incessant labours. Altogether, we are justified in concluding, that had his juvenile ambition expanded in a genial soil, it is probable that England would not have boasted a more original painter than Edward Bird.

## GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE.

*(Concluded.)*

"Hail, sacred freedom, when by law restrain'd,  
 Without you what were man,  
 Sublimed by you the Greek for ages reign'd,  
 In arts unrivall'd."

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AMONGST the various plans for improving the Fine Arts, that adopted by the King of Bavaria is certainly one of the best; he like a man of genius, instead of relying on the opinion of others, trusted to his own eyes and judgment in selecting talent; and in Schnorr and Cornelius he seems to have found men who do honor to his choice.\* Occupied in decorating the public buildings lately erected by that prince, emulation does with them what large pecuniary rewards fail to perform elsewhere: they can afford to be indifferent about wealth, nor can honorary titles add to their importance; for so long as their king and fellow countrymen take a lively interest in the progress of their rivalry, their eminence will be sufficiently honorable, their importance most gratifying: neither need they fear a change in the estimation of their protector; for the fame he has acquired through them is sufficient to raise the envy of many a conquering despot, whose mighty states suffer from every caprice in which they may indulge; whilst Munich derives wealth and prosperity from the refinement of its ruler.

The above method of encouraging the arts is, however, more particularly calculated for a man of fortune in private life: I shall endeavour to explain why it is less beneficial in the hands of a king.

If an English nobleman were to attempt what has been done in Bavaria, it would soon be perceived that for a small amount, say from five hundred to a thousand per annum, much good could be done to the arts, and much real honour accrue to the individual who applied his fortune to so good a purpose; that emulation which is now confined to the elections for parliament, or to the race course, would find a new and honorable field for its display; double competition would

\* It is said that the king discovered these young men at Rome, where there exists a valuable emulation amongst the students from different countries. The French have there kept up the most costly part of their encouragement of the Fine Arts, ever since Louis XIV.; but Horace Vernet, the late professor of the establishment, has recommended its suppression.



then employ its energies, public taste would improve apace, and national refinement ere long supersede in some degree gaming and party intrigue.

At Munich its immediate consequences have indeed been highly beneficial; but the example of the monarch has given rise to a system of imitation, not of competition, that threatens to degrade the arts in times to come: the nobles have adopted the fashion, not the spirit of their chief; a society has there been formed for the promotion of the Fine Arts, which affords an opportunity for exhibition and sale, and purchases a few of the pictures, to be assigned by *lot* to one or other of the subscribers as chance may direct without regard to taste. Flattery, under the guise of respect for the sovereign, has induced them to adopt the opposite from his more exalted course. Instead of countenancing historical painting, they allow the king (what he is certainly too generous to require) a monopoly of the nobler branch, and apply their attention to every inferior department of art; they increase the quantity of pictures, whilst he strives to improve their quality only. The patriotic intentions of the prince are thus thwarted by the misplaced subserviency of those about him; unfortunately the contagion has spread through Germany, other towns having followed the same system; so that in a short time they will pour out as many painters as they now do musicians, with much greater mischief; for the sounds of a flute or violin pass away like the spreading circles in a pool, and nought remains; but pictures endure far beyond the hand that created them.

If the King of Bavaria had only built edifices capable of receiving the finest works the artists of his country could produce, had he encouraged societies similar to the Artists' benefit Society in London, without claiming either management, control, or influence, he would have done all the good, and no injury whatever: each member of the society in contributing to the interest and honor of the establishment would be advancing a fund in which he had a personal property.\* Need I say that such societies would soon astonish the beholders with exhibitions calculated to arrest the attention of the public, and greatly increase its knowledge, taste, and happiness: under such circum-

\* Germany in its subdivision and federative form bears some resemblance to ancient Greece: the principal difference (with regard to our present subject) is, that the Amphictyonic states of antiquity were all more or less popular or democratic; the electorates of Germany partake more of hereditary aristocracy and monarchy. Sparta being of this kind, was excluded the great national league of competition, and therefore, more than from any merit of its own, despised commerce, refinement, and the arts.

stances the talent on one part and taste on the other, would be commensurate, as they ever should be; the artists being allowed the management of their own interests, without any other influence than that of talent, would soon become more capable of directing the taste of the nation. We should no longer be told that they are little better than fools in all the various transactions of life, according to the general opinion, that by shutting themselves up in their studies they become unfit for the communion of society, unacquainted with the impassioned scenes of human life, wrapt in the essence of their own morbid imaginations. If this be a faithful picture of modern artists we need not wonder at their inferiority to the ancients. Science and art are valuable and effective in proportion as they are connected with the wants and wishes of man, art in particular should ever express the varied passions of the human soul in every rank and stage of life; and he alone can hope to excel, who like Shakspeare has studied the most intricate pulsations of the human breast, and combined therewith varied and extensive information; for although every improvement in manufactures has been justly ascribed to the division of labour, its effect on the intellectual pursuits has been the very reverse, most injurious. One train of ideas may steady the hand condemned to an unchanging course of patient toil, but it unfits the mind for every liberal art; and experience, as well as reason, proves that variety of occupations strengthens the mental faculties. If historians had sufficiently attended to this, they would not have expressed astonishment at the multifarious acquirements of the great men of antiquity, that the same individual should have excelled as a statesman, a warrior, a wrestler, a musician, and an orator: the superiority of the Greek over the Egyptian would appear equally distinct and natural.\*

In proof of this opinion, if we refer to the evidence of past ages, we perceive that the greatest men have ever possessed a variety of acquirements, that the courage of the general has not been destroyed by the sagacity of the diplomatist, the judgment of the historian, or the elegant discrimination of taste in the arts: nor has the imagination or sensibility of the artist suffered from the culture of science; Xenophon acquired as much fame by writing the history of the retreat of the ten thousand, as by the achievement of that great exploit; and yet

\* Even in manufactures the master mind requires and takes a wider range than time would afford without the system of division of labour: but for the study of mathematics and chemistry, the steam-engine would still be in its infancy: their various means combined, encrease the powers of man a thousand fold: so of chemistry super-added to medicine.

theology, commerce, agriculture, and finance, divided his attention : Pythagoras and Aristotle are noble instances among the Greeks, of what the human mind can comprehend. Hannibal, Pericles, and Cæsar, are also unequalled examples of widely different merits in the same individual, carried to the highest perfection. Is it not evident that Phidias, living in friendly intercourse with the great patron, the ruling orator of his age, possessed other acquirements besides those of the sculptor and architects? In a land where public affairs constituted a part of the daily avocations of every citizen, his ideas were not concentrated into one dull nebula : Pamphilus and Lysippus were equally distinguished for science.

We find also that in modern Europe the greatest philosophers have been able to apply their minds to dissimilar objects : the study of the law diverted not Lord Bacon from the enjoyment of science ; Descartes' military campaigns did not prevent him from becoming the great metaphysician of his country ; what can be said of Sir Isaac Newton, who could turn from the boundless principles of nature, to the official direction of the Mint, or watch over the formalities of the Royal Society's meetings. Politics and poetry are perhaps as opposite as any pursuits can be, and yet the discussion of political intricacies troubled not the serene flow of Milton's heavenly theme : other instances of a plurality of acquirements carried to perfection, may be seen in Colonel Blake, who in the maturity of life changed his pursuits, entered the navy, and there surpassed the greatest of those who had ploughed the deep from their childhood ; in Cromwell, Marlborough Peter the Great, and Frederick of Prussia, who amply prove the varied capacities of the human mind : surely no one can suppose that Dryden, or Pope, Berkely, Locke, or Priestly, were buried in that egoistical ignorance which we are told becomes the modern artist, and which distinguishes ours of the present day, from those who emblazoned the glory of ancient times.

Are further instances required ? behold them in those very arts that sickly prejudice declares incompatible with active pursuits. Leonardo da Vinci, who excelled in nearly every science and accomplishment, was at once the rival of Raphael and Michel Angelo, and the great engineer of the Milanese ; did not Buonarotti himself possess the various talents of the architect, the sculptor, and the painter, to which he added great facility in writing : let us also recollect that in the hour of danger, when the liberties of his country were about to expire under the assault of resistless foreign multitudes, the Florentines entrusted their batteries to his skill and energy. Even under less genial cir-

cumstances, the genius of Rubens could master the varied powers of art, and the subtleties of diplomacy; and Vandyke could depict the elegant serenity of an English lady, notwithstanding the anguish and excitement consequent to an inveterate pursuit of alchemy.

These were men who gave dignity to the Fine Arts, ere contracted institutions and rivetted prejudice had narrowed the views of their votaries and brought about timidity, subserviency, and weakness: the eye that was formed to behold the blaze of day, now used to gloom and despondency, dares not attempt the brighter regions.

But what is to be done to restore its wonted power, to enable genius to discern the fairest charms of nature and of life? Leave it to itself, all obstacles removed; gradually but perceptibly the imparted orb that shrunk from the wholesome light of morn will acquire new strength and court the glorious noon.

In a country free from restrictive, or forcing institutions there would be two ways of encouraging the fine arts.

In the first case—if two or more individuals possessed of fortune and good taste, were each separately, (to the amount of the sum he thought proper so to apply), to follow the example of the King of Bavaria, without allowing themselves to be for a moment diverted from the great object, the production of works superior to those of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and other idols in art,\* it would soon be perceived that the number of judicious connoisseurs increased in proportion to the talent of the artists kept in emulous excitement; and in proportion to that increased taste, encouragement would spread to other candidates for well earned fame: the demand and the supply would thus increase together; the like occurred both in Greece and in Italy. In those favoured countries individual exertion was indeed backed by national feeling, every attempt at improvement in one state was met with eager competition by those around: if in one, a statue of extraordinary beauty was raised to Minerva, Jupiter or Apollo was soon equally honoured by another: did one of the small states of Italy embellish the church of its patron St. Peter, the votaries of St. Francis or St. Marc, roused the emulation of their national genius, and seldom in vain; for national and individual competition must ever produce the natural consequence—improvement: religion was in most cases con-

\* To aim at equalling them only, would not answer the purpose: it almost always leads to imitation; and it is quite certain that if fifty copies after Sir Joshua Reynolds be produced at the British Gallery, each year for a century, not one Sir Joshua, would be the result.

connected with the enthusiasm of the nation; but the paintings in the Propylea, Timanthes' sacrifice of Iphigenia, the numerous statutes of heroes and sages throughout Greece, convince us that public spirit and individual competition suffice to kindle the flame of genius. The instance already alluded to of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo painting the council chamber at Florence, attests a similar effect from similar motives in Italy; in both, individual vanity did but help ambition and patriotic fervor; but when the oppression of foreign control repressed the aspirings of every generous sentiment, vanity reigned triumphant with affectation for her handmaid.

But let us suppose that the great men of the country did not take the lead in dressing the soil for the culture of the Fine Arts. The second case would then come into operation: the artists finding that individually they could excite but a faint, transient, and uncertain effect on the feelings of the nation, would unite to make that impression that collective means only can produce: success would attend their efforts, and in all probability that jealous interest which has always narrowed the views of societies and converted them into monopolies, would prompt them to enact regulations for the total exclusion or partial admission of other artists into the institution; complaint would then begin and increase, until it was observed, that since the combination of artists rested entirely on its own exertions, without the support or countenance of authority; others might like them unite, forming institutions in proportion to the increased taste of the public: competition would then go on more powerfully than ever; it would however have partly changed its character, the individual emulation being in some measure converted into that competition that exists between societies or townships: the individuals in each society would, indeed, grapple with each other; but unless the works of the most able of each society were occasionally brought into fair comparison, the whole force of competition would not be brought to bear; there can, however, be no doubt that this would occur, ambition, interest, and vanity would combine to insure it. Whether they would ultimately resolve into one liberal free society in each town is a doubtful point, we need not dwell upon. In this as in the former case, taste, information, and, we may hope virtue, would improve in proportion to the increased demand and supply; but if unfortunately the arts were suffered to swerve from the right path; if the civilization, the virtue of mankind did not constitute their unvarying centre of action, their object would be baffled; for judgment, sentiment, and good taste, cannot hold communion with corruption.

If the ennobling arts are to flourish in this our cherished native land,

another emulation, as yet scarce known among us, must be nourished, whose generous glow can soften the pang of envy or disappointment; its mighty powers would ultimately lead to a higher degree of merit than even Greece or Italy could ever boast: it is the anxious competition between the man of taste and the artist, each entertaining a proper respect for the other, that must overcome all opposition; and for this powerful medium to be brought into action, it is requisite that either be duly impressed with the relative advantages to be derived from each, and how much they may mutually require from each other.

In the first place, the artist should consider that the reward due to his utmost exertions consists partly in pecuniary remuneration, partly in honour. The more intellectual the pursuit, the more honour ought to be attached thereto; and in proportion to the merit, less pecuniary reward accordingly. If there be any branch of art *fully* rewarded according to the ingenuity and labour evinced, to superadd any portion of honour would be gratuitous folly.\* The intellectual artist must also recollect, that unless the path selected by him be altogether new, or his manner of treating a subject quite original, he has to compete with great masters of every preceding age, and, of course, he cannot expect first rate reward, whether in money or fame, until he have overcome every former rival. He, must, likewise, bear in mind, that sound and even severe criticism is as much the bounden duty of the amateur, as painting is his own. If the man of taste should happen to possess most sentiment, it behoves the artist to listen to his suggestions, and endeavour to exceed his anticipations; should success attend their mutual exertions, let them enjoy the triumph of their well deserved achievement, and recollect that Phidias is not less esteemed because Pericles added to his own glory by encouraging him; that Pope Julius II. though he deserve the admiration of mankind for preserving Rome from pestilence during the whole of his pontificate, acquired more renown by his encouragement of the Fine Arts, whilst he enhanced the reputation of Michael Angelo. 'Tis ever thus,—the fleetest steed flies swifter than the wind when urged by a dexterous rider.

The duties that devolve on the liberal promoter of the Fine Arts are at least as important as those of the artist. To him it is given to smoothe the rugged path, and cheer desponding genius. It behoves him to consider the man of talent as a rich estate that deserves all his attention—as a beautiful plant, whose luxuriance depends on his care. He must feel that the mind that is capable of the nobler attainments

\* If high prices and consideration were both liberally bestowed, artists would soon become as plentiful as blackberries: where would then be the means of rewarding them, or the galleries that could admit their works?



deserves respect; that gratitude is only to be relied upon when allied to independent feelings; that he who cannot fawn is usually incapable of any baseness.

The man of genius, whilst he nerves his utmost power to immortalize his own name and honour his country, can heedlessly contemplate the sordid portion of the profession rolling in affluence and luxury; for he knows that such a life would consume his time in insignificance, and chill the fervour of his soul; a small, but decent revenue, the esteem of the well-informed, in proportion to his acquirements, are his due, and suffice to allay the terrors attendant on sensibility. The man of taste, who can view all this in its proper light, will feel an equally generous rapture, on finding that at so cheap a rate he can cultivate the rich harvest; but to see the checkered picture in its true colours, he must cast off the trammels of the hack-connoisseur, who, even where personal interest does not tempt him to mislead, sees with a prejudiced eye, unaccustomed to the freshening charms of nature: to him the beauty of heaven's light depends on the texture of a canvass; the western breeze awes all its sweetness to the dinginess of a coat of varnish. Those who reduce all objects of art to the standard of their own stiff-necked taste, are equally to be avoided; for they seek for the grand style in pompous mythological tales, equally foreign to their own understandings and to the sympathies of the age, and thus indulge their deluded fancy: they entertain no kindred feeling with those, who, taking nature for their guide, strive to embody the choicest of her features, without regard to senseless conventions.

If the fine arts deserve the applause of nations, it is when they advance civilization and honour virtue—as they warn and instruct, whilst they charm the beholder; we may, therefore, denounce, as the greatest enemies to the arts, all those whose depraved senses indulge in the representation of immoral subjects; and yet there are men of education, who claim the title of *patron*, that dare offer the wages of degraded art. This is a foul blot that attaches to every nation; may it henceforth be deemed an indication of aberration of mind or of crime: the man of real taste will ever shun the pollution, for he is conscious that the purer the sentiments of the artist, the more exalted his works.

\* If so much is to be expected from the taste and encouragement

\* Poetry has been pretty well left to the taste of individuals in England, whilst in France, Italy, and some other countries, it is under the direction or *surveillance* of restrictive societies and princes. Where are their Miltons, Popes, and Byrons? We, also, have similar societies for the encouragement of the fine arts, but where are our Raphaels and Da Vincis.

of enlightened individuals, it may be asked, whether governments can do nothing for the fine arts? I again insist that the interference of authority is dangerous; it certainly behoves the legislature to determine the rights of property in original works, so as to secure genius from the encroachment of mere copyists—to prevent, as far as possible, private societies from engrossing influence and thwarting the exertions of individuals. The distinguished characters who compose the government of a free country, may, in their individual capacity, forward national taste by their example. If the public edifices were sufficiently national to afford becoming room for such historical pictures as would do real honour to our country, they might find more pleasure, and secure more honour to their families, by presenting a work that would remain a remembrancer of their public services, than in keeping horses, hounds, and game, that do but excite the complaints of their peaceable neighbours, and the desperation of the needy and the wicked.

Many a reader will exclaim, all this is too chimerical to happen in our time. Yet, within a few years, things less foreseen have come to pass; and however unlikely these views of the subject may appear to those who dare not yet shake off habitual errors, the time is at hand when even they will be so accustomed to them, that they will claim them as their own thoughts, not mine; and this will come to pass as soon as such works as Miss Martineaux's illustrations of political economy become *generally* understood and admired. That will indeed be a happy time; may the present rapid course of improvement speed, that it may gladden the declining age of present manhood; for

“ The voice of the Eternal said, Be free !  
And this divine prerogative to thee  
Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey,  
For virtue is the child of liberty,  
And happiness of virtue.”

GEORGE FOGGO.\*

From a note of the Editor, attached to the second part of my Essay on the Effects of Government Patronage, it appears that some friend of Mr. Wilkins has complained of the severity with which that gentleman's Letter to Lord Goderich is commented upon by me. I am sorry that any of my writings should require explaining; I had hoped that the paper above mentioned did not: but the deepest wound seems to

\* I regret that, from my not being enabled to correct the proof sheet in the last number, several errors remained, such as Dutton for Dalton,—intrigue and justice for intrigue and injustice,—vice president and treasurer to the Society of Artists, omitted, &c.

have proceeded from another side, a recapitulation of honorary titles, contained in an article on the Prospect of a National Gallery; and it is stated, that the fault is greatly aggravated by a string of *unnecessary points of admiration*. If there be any thing personally offensive in that or any other of my productions, I only wish for an opportunity of disclaiming all intention of personality; my object is the furtherance of sound principles, and I doubt not that those who know me are aware that I feel as much pleased at avowing and correcting an error as in combatting one; but it is rather strange that these horrifying notes of admiration are quite imaginary, at least neither my manuscript nor my own printed copy contains anything so unsightly.

G. F.

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#### A MATERIAL DISPUTE.

ONE morning having been called from home, and from the classical effusions of a hungry muse, by a circumstance not to be forgotten; (the prospect of a commission,) I left my materials in a state of artist-like disorder, the brushes stuck through the palette, and the latter cast on the floor, my maul-stick obliquely intruding on several lumps of brilliant colour, the whole forming a very easy composition of *still life*.

On my return, I was preparing to enter "my den," when my attention was arrested by the sound of voices proceeding from the scene of my labours, and being surprised by such an unexpected circumstance, since I had been told, (alas a tale too often told) that not a soul had been near my room, since I had left it, I paused with my hand on the lock, and peeping through the key hole, I *saw* and heard the following debate.

My antique bamboo maul-stick, erecting itself to its utmost height and glowing with indignation, was discoursing in the most vehement tone, about the various slights that it was subjected to. "My illustrious descent," it said, "should have protected me from neglect; my relations are many of them high in office in the genial clime of India, and inflict chastisements on the dark brother of our present tormentors. I support the canopy that shields him from the sun, my form is entwined to make his seat, and a cousin germain of our race supplies the sweetest of his luxuries. Ungrateful man! After guiding to the temple of fame, a hand that without my kindly support would toil powerless, I am on every emotion of the painter's mind twisted and twirled about, and often in a fit of passion dashed to the ground. Is my master at

all frolicsome, he uses me as a foil or broadsword, and knocks me about in the most unmerciful manner, sometimes breaking me a limb. If a cat or dog intrude into the sanctum of art, I am immediately dispatched after the unwelcome visiter, and am sometimes seized hold of by the savage animals and bitten severely. And what with being leant on till I am forced to bend nearly double, being kicked about in every direction, and being smeared with colour, I must ever consider myself as a very ill-used person."

"You must excuse me," interrupted the palette, which had been twittering till its sides shook at the relation of the poor maul-stick's misfortunes; "but when you assert that you consider yourself an injured servant by being, as you politely express it, smeared with my enchanting offspring, I feel my honour concerned in this indelicate aspersion of their fair fame, and I beg to assure you, with wounded pride, that my beauties give life to the painter's imaginings, and are of so superior a class, that to come into contact with them, is reckoned a post of honour, reserved for only a few objects in this bad world."

"Superior class, or not," replied the angry maul-stick, "I am soiled all over by your dirty offspring, and shall shortly, thanks to your poisonous family, have to undergo the mortifying operation of being rubbed by a filthy painting rag." The indignant rag of many colours would have interrupted the personal stick, but was led into a corner by a pacific sweetener, with the refuse of a curtain clinging to its lankey hairs.

"You appear to forget," continued the palette, "how unimportant a part of a painter's means you maul-sticks are; and also, that by many you are considered as fit only for the timid and powerless. Genius discards you, and the tyro soon despises your assistance." The stick would have replied, but the palette would not be interrupted. "I should not, in all probability, have ventured to dilate upon my important functions, had I not been challenged by unfair insinuations. It is allowed on all hands, that I am my master's favourite. I am carried on the hand next his heart, and my body is so constituted as to admit this sign of friendship. I am the badge of his profession, and while he grasps me fervently with one hand, he plays with me with the other, and fondles over my offspring. How carefully I am cleaned, after a day's faithful service, and how affectionately he covers my polished body with the choicest materials. I shine in all the pride of colour."

"But," ejaculated the stick, "you must confess that your garments are of a most offensive odour...."

"Offensive!" screamed the agitated palette, as the vermilion stole over its face; "the odour enchants me—Arabia's perfumes are not to be compared to it."

A general twitter pervaded the assembly, which had scarcely subsided, when the *leaden* tone of the flake white was heard. "Even allowing," said this emblem of purity, "that we are in our present conditions, somewhat unsavoury, it must be recollected that we were not always so. Whoever has beheld our rocky forms in the translucent bottle, or our exquisite powdered atoms, must allow that we had charms once; but we are mixed with nasty fluids which spoil our fair complexions (speak for yourself, muttered the Vandyk Brown): we are ground and scarified on a flinty wretch, that combines with the butcher's steel to destroy us. We are then stuffed into bladders, and almost suffocated; oftentimes suffering from our confined homes by increasing *fat*, which causes us to be thrown aside, when discovered. Our only hope of freedom is by being pierced with a nail, or some sharp point, when we flow forth overjoyed on to the mahogany complexion of this arrogant piece of wood, which calls itself our parent."

"And am I not? thou pale-faced urchin."

"Not a whit! thou table for us to lie upon; we spring from a nobler source—we are modifications of man's essence—the parent earth.—Hear! hear! hear! re-echoed from the overjoyed colours.—From minerals many of us derive existence, and we were even more pure and beautiful in the earliest ages of the world than we are now. Egypt and Greece can speak our fame. Pompeia owes its lustre to us."

"Question! Question!" echoed the maul-stick.

"Order! Order!" repeated a dozen tongues.

"So affectionate, then," continued the white, "is this pseudo-parent, that she cannot fall to the ground without dragging us, fettered by the filthy oils, with it in its disgrace; we are punished for its stupidity, and are constantly proclaimed unfit for use, and cut off in our prime by the hated knife, to be plunged into a filthy receptacle, bearing the loathsome title of *smudge-pot*. Should we be forgotten by our tormentors, and become attached to our situations, we are treated with a cruelty that may teach Phrenologists how little justice is done to that virtuous organ, '*adhesiveness*.' We are cut about with the dreaded knife, and scalded with a burning liquor, called turpentine, till we are torn off piecemeal; and if we shew the least tenacity, we are either planed down without pity, or else subjected to the fiery

ordeal of red-hot cinders, which send us from our posts in dismay, hissing and bubbling."

"I beg," said the Naples yellow, with a jaundiced look, "that you will not include us all in the supposed grievance of the steel knife, when it is well known, that having shewn an aversion to that metal, and being of a delicate habit, I am always handled with ivory."

The light red next complained that although it was at decided variance with the white, it was often forced to mingle with it in apparent fellowship.

"Without me," replied the fair colour, "you would seldom be called into life. Believe me, thou heavy earth, thou art often caught on the cheek of beauty by my aid alone, thy unattractive dulness, else, would procure thee few friends."

"Indeed," rejoined the deepening red with a chuckle, "however I have my revenge, for although my brethren, the sickly white subdues my manly vigour, in the end, I can triumphantly show my power, and when the shrinking white leaves me the master of the field, I proudly exclaim,

'To this complexion must we come at last.'

And the learned artist thanks me for producing *tone*. And you doubtless recollect the exclamation of a celebrated painter, who had a very proper notion of the colorless lump. D—the white, it's a nasty selfish color, besides it is'n't in nature."

"Selfish," screamed the white, "why, I mingle with you all, and sully my purity by my condescension." "Rather say," rejoined the red, "that you acquire distinction in proportion as you mix with us. Alone you are insipid. The elements refuse your claim and annul your power; the blue of air and ocean, the glow of fire and the countless hues of earth, are so many convincing proofs that you are an anomaly in nature, a thing permitted against her laws, an enigma to the wise, a non-entity to the simple." The white looked still more pale at this severe assertion, and a tear of the purest poppy oil trickled from its pallid cheek; its utterance was choked and it but—sighed.

Meanwhile the lakes, the antwerp blue, and the yellow lake, supported by the asphaltum and other glazing colours, boldly advanced, and complained that from their light and elegant natures, they were exceedingly unfit to associate with the heavy earths, which, although useful, were surely not ornamental.

The body colours begged to observe that, although they had been taunted with properties of which others were jealous, they were proud



to say that they alone gave weight to a picture, and considered as an indignity, the necessity engendered in vulgar eyes, of giving them a meretricious lustre by the use of flimsy washes. At these words a little spirited bottle of copal varnish rushed forward and declared its intention of sticking to the cause of the glazing colours. "Listen to a plain unvarnished tale. My friends, the translucent coadjutors of these respectable opaques, have sufficient humility to consider the latter as tolerable foundations, when disguised by their powerful charms. And as for the futile charge of evanescence, learn ye colourers of calumny's worst hues, that I have power to fix indelibly these modest and retiring tints; with my aid future ages are dazzled by their lustre, and in spite of my *gums*, you are all beholden to me." The little bottle, after this effervescence, strutted away, losing its cork on the road.

The yellow ochre and light red both began to speak at the same moment, but were silenced by the *heavy* accents and the *dry* manner of the sugar of lead, which taunted them as poor useless things—feeble coloured slops that would adhere to no side without being allied to something more influential. The colours retorted, that without the deleterious effects of the *sacrum* they would bloom in eternal lustre. The discussion was growing hot, when an elderly brush, denominated a scrub, evidently a favourite of its master, bristled up in native dignity, and said, "As the delegate of those most valued members of the art—brushes, I advance to assert their claim to distinction. In vain would the passive maul-stick support the hand, in vain would the palette unfold its varied hues, in vain would oils bind and varnish glow, were not the pencils to transmit the painter's imaginings to the canvass. The genial thrill—the lightning of thought are transferred to us before they reach the minor agents in the sublime sphere of art. We place the vivid light that gives life and expression—we deepen the shade with our umbrageous touch, we tenderly insinuate the receding landscape—and we," it cried exultingly, "spread the sempiternal and ubiquitous cerulean vault." Loud laughter here interrupted the grandiloquent scrub, in which the voices of the *ultramarine* and cobalt were distinguished above the rest. When the clamour had subsided, the tender fitch and the elegant sable begged to forward their claims; they produced the delicacies that fascinated the refined. "Vastly well, indeed, my confederates," echoed a voice immediately recognized, as proceeding from the easel, "and pray what would be the use of any among you, if the canvas had not wherewithal to lean against. And with due deference to the palette I consider myself as the type of the profession."

"Recollect, vain long-legged sprawler," replied the indignant brush,

that a monarch once deemed himself honoured by picking up a never to be forgotten member of our community."

"And recollect, if it please you, vain hog-hair," retorted the tremulous easel, "to what ignoble uses you are applied. The sign-post and the house painter grasp ye, vile tools!"

"In pity spare me!" exclaimed the blushing pencil, "that is indeed the unkindest cut of all; I own that I have humble relations, who are sometimes a blot to the family escutcheon, but even they, although appealing to humbler minds, diffuse the charms of art."

"Hear! hear!" resounded on all sides, when the various materials gave way to a deputation of canvasses with a *half length* at their head, which had been appointed spokesman, being capable of affording more *action* than the under sizes.

"We have with considerable surprize," began this plenipotentiary, "noted the observations that have fallen from our various acquaintances; observations the less likely to elevate the character of art, as they are all founded on mistaken views and arrogant assumptions. Would not any one be led to imagine from these *strainers* of argument, that each selfish material wished to claim the whole importance, without affording a fair *canvass*, (a hissing was here perceptible.) Surely, we of the cloth, if it came to fair argument, have more right to rule supreme than any others. We present a fair face to the world, and yet are not so bigotted to our primeval purity, as to refuse to change our tone at the solicitations of the living. We are admirably suited to the windings of caprice and the shifts of necessity. But our chief boast is, that we are propped up by the state, whose honourable tax we are the means of levying. In overlooking us you have neglected the basis of art. You have prided yourselves upon mighty powers, nugatory unless called into play by us; we concentrate the properties of the helpless materials, and produce the fascinating effect of a whole. The easel may support our forms—the palette may offer colours of the most splendid hues—the brush may dash on an effect, but we embody the mind's imagining, we are the mirror of thought and feeling."

A multitude of voices interrupted the speaker with cries of "the fresco—the pannel."

"The fresco!" repeated the canvass in disdain, "a coarse mass of unfeeling plaster—the companion of bricks and stones, exposed to the inclemency of the seasons; whereas I am girt about with gold, am preserved with choice varnishes, and grace the boudoirs of the fair. . . ."

The colours, which had all this time been quarrelling among them-

selves, now became uproarious; while the painting rag was busily employed in wiping up the effects of their animosity. "Heavy lump! Flimsy wash! Crude tint! Black patch, &c. &c." resounded on all sides. The easel, followed by the maul-stick, was stalking up and down the room in considerable agitation, surrounded by numbers of abusive canvasses; all, indeed, seemed in commotion; when, to apprise the disputants of my approach, I coughed several times, and opening the door, I found that all had subsided into its former calm, and walked into my room apparently unconscious of this *material* dispute.

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## FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

BY W. M. GLENINING.

IN treating on abstract subjects, it is not easy to be entertaining. The definition of remote qualities of the mind, and the explanation of their secret working, is not always a pleasing employment. Like the digging for minerals and metals, though the precious ore at last extracted, may, perhaps, reward our trouble, yet we cannot expect the labour itself to be a very pleasant amusement.

And although the two qualities about which I purpose shortly to treat, are such as in operation afford greater pleasure to the mind than any others whatever, yet I apprehend the endeavour to penetrate to their very origin, and to point out their real nature, may prove something like the labour of the slaves who stand in some of the shallow rivers of Africa, and sift out the gold which comes down with the stream,—not quite so agreeable as the product itself, when worked into ornaments of beauty. Yet even there the toil may be sometimes enlivened by the glittering of the precious atoms through the sand, and the labourer, as well as those who overlook him, find sufficient encouragement to proceed, in the consciousness that by the exertions of the present moment, something is still being added to their after pleasures.

We are almost daily receiving delights of one kind or other through the medium of fancy and imagination, without, perhaps, knowing exactly when, or how, or in what manner, they exercise themselves in conveying those delights to the soul. Indeed, I think much confusion and contrariety of opinion exists upon it—much misunderstanding,

which, if cleared away, would—like the dispelling of a mist—allow the beauties everywhere about us to shine with far clearer splendour. This, in truth, is the great advantage of making an enquiry into the faculties of the soul; for, at the same time that it improves the understanding, it also enlarges the sphere of our pleasures. In proportion as we increase our knowledge, extend our views, and clear up those ideas which before were confused and indistinct; so do we widen the field of our enjoyments; and by refining the mind, render it not only capable of a more extensive stock of pleasures, but also susceptible of those delicate and tender delights, which, like the faintest breath of an *Æolian* string, is sweetest music where before it would have been altogether lost on our rugged and unharmonious senses. In this respect, our own single mind, in its different stages, from the deepest rudeness to the highest point of refinement, offers an exact parallel to the rustic clown, who shall look upon the finest picture and see nothing but a variety of colours, and one of a polished soul, to whom every fresh survey develops new charms, and every stroke of the pencil seems to unfold its particular beauty.

No two words in the language have been more confounded and misunderstood than fancy and imagination. Often misapplied and substituted one for the other, they have come at last to be accounted, in many instances, synonymous. It certainly is not necessary on every ordinary occasion to preserve their particular distinction, any more than it is that we should always write with philosophical precision and correctness. But surely, with writers whose professed object is to inform and instruct, such distinction ought to have been preserved with greater care than is discernible in many instances that might be named.

Were I to define the meaning of the two words, I should say, that in the most extended sense, fancy is the power of combining natural images and the thoughts suggested by them, so as to produce an agreeable and beautiful effect. Imagination is the power of inventing, or creating, what is greater and more sublime than ordinary nature.

Both these definitions are imperfect. Of such comprehensive abstract qualities, all concise definitions must be. But I hope to prove, in the ensuing remarks, that so far as they do extend, they are true.

In general, it is fancy which produces beauty; imagination which produces sublimity. Though this is not an invariable distinction; sometimes they invade the provinces of each other,—the beautiful and the sublime existing together. That delicate design of Danby's—*Faires on the Sea-shore*—is equally a production of imagination

with the Sixth Seal : though beauty is the chief characteristic of one, and sublimity of the other.

In the earlier ages of the world imagination was doubtless a far more common quality of the mind than it is at present, as on the other hand, fancy was far less so than it is in our own times. The rude and unimproved nature of men in those remote times, was far more congenial to the workings of imagination, than are these days. Philosophy and civilization have now cleared up ten thousand things, which, then, were but as dark and mysterious fields for the imagination to rove in, and people with whatever seemed most befitting its gloomy reign. Such objects and phenomena of nature, as now are explained by, and brought under the dominion of reason, were then shrouded in mystery. So that the imagination exercised itself then, upon what now, the fancy alone can find scope to play upon. Reasoning, and the exercise of common sense, have destroyed the illusion, leaving but the empty stage, the boards, and the common people, where before, all was a magnificent scene of incomprehensible and visionary grandeur. The change has improved the man, but spoiled the poet.

In the most ancient authors, especially the sacred ones, imagination abounds to an extent which will allow no comparison with the productions of latter days. But comparatively, fancy is scarcely visible in them : while it forms one of the greatest sources of beauty amongst the moderns. For instance, all their descriptions of the appearance, &c. of the Deity, are infinitely more imaginative and sublime, than those of any modern authors. The reason is, that passion and feeling, strong in the highest degree, predominated then, where reasoning and speculation rule now. And passion and feeling, when the subject of them is great and mysterious, are the soul of imagination and sublimity. But learning and speculation temper them down into indifference, and bring instead, only that correctness of taste, and discrimination of judgment, which just allow room for tame fancy to exercise herself in combinations and comparisons, and such confined sallies, as can all be brought to the test of reason and of truth. The modern divines have perhaps, what they may consider—we cannot exactly say more knowledge, but at least, more of a speculative insight into the nature and attributes of the Almighty, than the most ancient writers had. But this does not enable them to give such striking and sublime images of the Eternal One, as the ancient authors have done.

Their tame reason has shackled imagination, like a chain binding down what else might soar, though in a dubious track, beyond the skies.

They have made His idea an every day subject of discussion, until—

though their practice has, perhaps, as I said before, made better men, it has stripped the conception of Him of that garb of awful and sublime poetry, which before elevated the soul that could receive it, infinitely higher than the most correct reasoning in the world ever could.

We may entertain more settled notions of His goodness, and particular providence, but have most certainly, lost that poetical impression of His majesty and greatness, which the ancient writers possessed.

Who now can describe His appearance, in the spirit of him who said,

“ He bowed the heavens and came down, and darkness was under his feet; and he did ride upon a cherub and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the sky!”

Reason may have enabled them more precisely to point out His attributes, and fancy may behold His presence in every tree and flower and in all things of living nature; but such like humble beauties of taste, they are nothing more, give us not a hundredth part so vast an idea as this which I have quoted. Imagination has ceased to take such flights, since cool reason has been so deeply employed in searching out naked truth.

It is precisely the same with natural things. Whose storms and battles are like Homer's? Whose war horses like those of Job? Whose imaginings of love so beautiful as those in the song of Solomon? “ I sleep but my heart waketh; it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of night.”

Now, all these things are little other than mere objects of sense,—beautiful to the fancy, rather than great in the imagination.

Though there are not wanting particular instances amongst both painters and poets, in which imagination has yet on occasion its wonted power. But they are rare, and seldom long continued; for a man cannot carry on a work purely imaginative, so long as one which is only fanciful and pleasing. Not only because imagination itself is a higher quality than fancy, and therefore not so easily supported; but because the materials upon which it has to work are fewer in number than those of fancy. The great and sublime objects in nature as well as what are possible to be conceived by the mind, are comparatively very limited. For every man's own sense and observation must prove to him, that beautiful objects are far less uncommon than sublime ones. It is an admirable provision of our nature that we can receive a calm and dispassionate pleasure from almost everything about us, while



those objects which excite strong emotions, and raise us to an unusual elevation, are but seldom seen. We see them sufficiently often to hold us in mind of that higher state to which we may aspire,—to keep the desires of the soul turned upon “our own hereditary skies;” but not too often to make us repine over the lowliness of our present existence.

Yet in the earliest days of creation, the field of imagination was far more extensive than it is now. Much of nature which by the progress of knowledge has become to us familiar as daylight, was to the Patriarchs, the Antediluvians, a world unexplored, unknown. They were imaginative on what to us are subjects of the driest reasoning. They were passionate on what we regard with the most perfect apathy; eager to pour out a flood of eloquence on what we behold with total indifference. What were the sun, the moon, night, darkness, and the sky, to them? what the ocean, whose rim seemed the border of the eternity—the forest, the cloudy mountain, and the storm? They had not measured the distances of the planets, found out the cause of darkness, compassed the bounds of the ocean, nor comprehended a single thought of the cause of those natural phenomena, which threw shadow over the face of nature, and terrified all living things, till they sought refuge in dens and caves. All these were shrouded to men’s minds in the mysterious web of a wild imagination.

They described the glory of the sun and the moon, and the horror of midnight, in words which breathed the very soul of poetry. They regarded the ocean with its eternally restless waves, who can tell how? perhaps, like the poor Indian, who thinks it but the separation of his own savage home and the land of spirits. Everything was incomprehensible alike. Each in its sphere, wonderful and strange.

In this sense, the most remote ages must have been the most imaginative, because they had the least acquaintance with that matter-of-fact sort of knowledge, which more than anything else, checks the flights of imagination. This accounts for the bold metaphors, the glowing similes, the enthusiastic descriptions of all the oldest writers. Their imaginations were very active and vivid, whilst their understandings, their knowledge of cause and effect, and of the properties of things in nature, were characterised by the greatest simplicity. Everything was spoken of according to the impression it first made upon the unsophisticated mind. That being necessarily powerful and exciting, the words to express it were of as bold a nature as passion could suggest.

They had no previous sickly training—no sentimental whining

notions and prettinesses in their minds, to soften down the broad strokes and strong impress of nature. None of that forced knowledge which sends us into the natural world with ready formed closeted opinions on what we are about to see. They opened their eyes, and all the unanticipated glory of creation broke upon their minds at once, as it might upon the first man, when he awoke out of dust into perfect existence. Such we may suppose were their sensations from all they beheld in nature.

From thus receiving impressions of whatever presented itself before them, after a great and noble manner, it follows of necessity, that they should frequently clothe their images with sublimity and grandeur. Accordingly such is the actual fact; they abound in the sublime: often giving to objects which men of more refined days would regard with but little emotion, a degree of grandeur and greatness, which, under other circumstances, the mind could scarcely have attained. What in a modern cultivated mind would have called up ideas, tender and exquisite perhaps, though but fanciful and pretty at best, with them grew gigantic: summoning their rude, though strong powers to the utmost bounds of imaginative expression. Things appeared to them not as they were in reality, but half revealed through the mist which wonder, and delight, and but a slight comprehension of their nature, threw over them. The world which they saw was more imaginative than true.

But in succeeding ages the progress of knowledge gradually withdrew the veil of mystery, which had given to the most ordinary things an air of grandeur; and as cool reasoning began to prevail, and plain truth to be established, the sphere of imagination grew more contracted. It no longer, either wholly or in part, embraced every idea which men entertained upon external things. It seemed to remove farther off; and in time, came to be a quality of the mind, which had no concern with what men saw and thought every day. What before had excited strong emotions, and afforded food for imagination to live upon,—reason and knowledge made tame and insipid; and as the field of imagination became narrowed, so the power itself appeared to withdraw. Like those supernatural voices, which, on the defilement of the holy sanctuary in the temple of Jerusalem, were heard by night to whisper, “Let us go away;”—so did the spirit of imagination flee as common reason advanced, to overthrow her mysterious reign.

Thus far I have treated of imagination in its most natural, rude, and undefined form. When its unlimited dominion over the minds of men gave an illusive and unreal character to almost every object of the

senses, converting the whole creation into an universe of enchantment.

Now, we must begin to regard it as a quality of the mind, which, like all others, being susceptible of culture and improvement, gradually became more refined, more delicate, more particular in its application. Indeed, in some degree, the former may be regarded as a fictitious quality, inasmuch as it clothed almost all objects indiscriminately in an unnatural splendour; giving greatness to what was insignificant, and grandeur to objects comparatively mean. It was a kind of imagination, incompatible—as I have shewn—with much reason and deep knowledge: like that which, on a dark night, besets the mind of the belated traveller with a thousand misapprehensions of the objects around him, and clothes the simplest things with some portion of terror or sublimity. Yet, on great occasions, as in the instances before quoted, it had, from being altogether unconfined, unfettered, a power beyond, perhaps, anything of after times. It was the effect of strong feeling and passion, unchecked by reason. It governed the mind, rather than being itself under government. But the change which was afterwards wrought by the improvement of the mind, the continual increase of knowledge, the great expansion given to reason, affected materially the character of imagination. It became more pure,—was more seldom exercised, and then principally on such subjects only as were equal to its own natural greatness. It did not any longer hold, in various degrees of power, an almost universal sway over the perceptions and ideas of ordinary men. To such as possessed but a common share of intellect, imagination became, we might say, altogether unknown; because, by the exercise of reason, the mystery was removed from those common subjects of observation, which before, by their obscurity had called for the exercise of that fictitious kind of imagination which has been resembled to that of a benighted traveller. The day-spring of knowledge had put this to flight, and they had not capacity raised to apprehend what was truly great and grand in nature and in thought; which alone principally, if not solely calls for the exercise of pure and true imagination. That became a distinguishing mark of superior intellect.

Though what was gained in purity and in propriety of application, was also attended with some loss of strength and force, yet perhaps, upon the whole, the transition was a happy one. It was like exchanging the prodigious, unwieldy, and often misapplied strength of a wild Hercules, for the trained, concentrated, and well-directed force of a gladiator. In the former the power was vast, bold, and ungoverned,

sometimes engaged in great enterprises, and sometimes upon what a hundredth part as much would have effected as well.

In the latter it was, perhaps, never so prodigious and wonderful, but almost always governed by reason, and pitched against subjects equal to itself.

*To be continued.*

#### WHAT IS DONE, *versus* WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

MUCH as we may have been willing to assert the claims of the British school of Art, we confess that we have ever done so with a mental reservation, stimulated and strengthened by the apparent want of power in some of its most important branches. We have ever lamented the disgraceful laxity of execution and the pusillanimity of attempt so conspicuous in our annual exhibitions—we have lamented it as the result of ignorance and apathy, and have stigmatized the inertie of artists as the parent of this slur on our fame. However true this may be with respect to men who have the power to do otherwise than degrade themselves by a scandalous imbecillity of purpose, we partially retract our censure from those who are condemned against their will to a repugnant subserviency. It were absurd to point to the halo of glory while the spectre of want yells in the painter's ear, it were childish to remind him that he possesses powers of a high but unprofitable class when the clamours of necessity resound in his aching brain—it were madness to bid him achieve greatness and starve. This is no ideal picture, no vain rhapsody to give a colour to that which is colourless, but a stern and stubborn-truth that skims the surface of half the world's understanding, while it corrodes the deepest recesses of the sensitive heart. We have ourselves been guilty of this high-flown dictation—have pointed out the road to want obscured by the *mirage* of glory, and in perfect friendliness have urged our desponding victims to the elevated regions which smile illusively above the precipices of despair. We have done so from an abstract idea of superlative powers, without reflecting on the pertinacious appeals of the varied iotas in the scheme of life, that are more intimately blended with the highest flights of fancy than Apollo's victims condescend to perceive. We have been led into these reflexions by the potent appeal of talent buried in privacy, by the discovery of merit skulking from the vulgar gaze to commune with congenial feelings. We have known for some time that

there exists a social meeting of artists who congregate at each other's houses, for the purpose of yielding to the cravings of aspiring minds, unfettered by the caprice of patrons, and the ignorance of the public. At these delightful meetings, men of kindred souls emit their repressed conceptions in generous emulation—master minds give their varied impress more vividly, more replete with intelligence than when shackled by a pre-ordained picture, or a fulsome transcript of an uninteresting individual. Men who in the annual displays of *touch'd up* and *freshly varnished* merchandises compelled the critic to his sternest task, would in the private discharge of their conscientious duties have drawn from him the most enthusiastic commendation. Such has been the case with the artists who have fallen under our observation: men whose talents, as displayed in our annual bazaars of tinted canvasses, have elicited a shrug of pity, if not of contempt, at the pot-boiling effusions of hireling pencils, have staggered us in private by the display of qualities which we could not have imagined they possessed. Many an artist could we instance, who, whilst he is annually offending his own and the critic's tastes by patronized absurdities, is producing in secret, *hints* for splendid works, which lie unachieved in his portfolio. Can such things be, and they who have it in their power to remedy the evil, remain in the most distressing ignorance of such latent powers. No! no! it is not, we fear, that they are ignorant of the powers of the men they sacrifice to their vanity and bad taste; but the simple and unadorned truth is, with all *due* respect, that our high-born and our wealthy are as profoundly ignorant of the simplest beauties of Art as they are of many secrets, even more nearly connected with their honor and happiness. However varied the attainments of the higher orders, (we do not pretend to say that they are generally so high as those of the middling classes) they are lamentably deficient in refined taste as far as regards the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving. It is not a pleasant task to stigmatize the want of knowledge of patrons—the artist who depends on that deficiency will surely not do it, since artists are in that respect no greater fools than their neighbours—yet we will venture to assert that there is not a *protégé* of the lowest class who does not heartily despise the assumptions of his lord and master, yet chuckles at his good fortune in obtaining so blind a judge. Our lords, aye, and our ladies too, travel to all realms celebrated for taste, as if they had but to scent the mouldering atmosphere of the Sistine chapel, or gallop and gossip down the long lane of the Louvre gallery, and then to return colossi of aristocratic virtue, and to fulfil the exclamation of Gresset's *Mechant* :

*"Des protégés si bas, des protecteurs si bêtes!"*

Now, let it not be imagined that we wish to undervalue the aristocracy—far be it from our wish, for we doubt not but that many have sufficient taste to subscribe to our Magazine, and shew some willingness to go to school to learn to estimate the productions of their superiors in intellect. It is not, assuredly, as we have before said, from artists dependent on patronage that the truth will be gleaned—they have either too much prudence, or too little honesty, to assail the dense atmosphere of aristocratic ignorance. It is for us, then, who care nought for the frowns of a lordling fresh from the grand tour, versed in Eustace and Forsyth, to venture at telling the truth. It is our duty, and we fearlessly obey.

From whom are the powerful to learn the mysteries of Art? They return from their travels smatterers, and set up as dictators to the *learned*. They sometimes *condescend* to admit a painter to their tables. Does he go there to prove that he is his lordship's equal? Oh, no! But to listen, with well-dissembled scorn, to the gallimaufry of classicality and connoisseurship, that proceeds from his titled host. It would appear that he is viewed only as the mechanic of his lordship's freshly ordered picture, and his noble patron as its life and soul. Do these dictators form a collection of old pictures? Is it their own tastes that decorate their walls? No; but the immaculate judgment of some picture-dealer, who *may* not be over honest, and who is required to obtain for his *victim* the reputation of a patron.

Is it from such a source that we are to expect judicious patronage? The profligacy of the juvenile members of the aristocracy, and the absorbing mania for politics in their seniors forbid their proper appreciation of the beauties of *refined* arts, and we fear that the talents we know to exist in artists condemned at present, to fashionable puerilities, must remain buried in their own portfolios, and themselves respected alone by their emulous coadjutors, and the few who are proud to behold such talent, yet disgusted to find it repressed by the ignorance of the great and the apathy of the public.

“ They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd  
Life's idle moments run,  
And doing nothing for themselves,  
Imagine nothing done.”—YOUNG.



ON THE TASTE FOR *BOUDOIR* LITERATURE AND ART.

IF tributes to beauty constituted the test of a refined age, none could boast that title more fully than the present. Apollo has followed in the wake of Mars, and Venus is in the ascendant. The Arts, from the full vigour of a healthy manhood, have imbibed the charms of refinement, but have sunk beneath its enervating influence. A whole nation of poets and painters struggling in the arena of Fame, with smiles and glances culled at beauty's shrine—enrapturing the spectators with the droop of an eyelid, or the luxuriance of a lip—is a sign of the times we leave to the profound to oppose. We question if this devotion to the loveliness of Nature be not purchased at the price of more ennobling qualities. The perception of beauty, as a component part of the mental power of a painter, diffuses fascination over his productions, but as his sole aim is enfeebling and monotonous, rendering him an unfit instrument for the higher classes of intellectual gratification. To inhale the fragrance of the rose is a modest luxury; to lie on a bed of flowers would be a senseless sybaritism. Relaxation pre-supposes labour, labour ennobles man, but he who indulges in the reward, without having earned it, debases and enfeebles himself. Effeminacy is scarcely so fatal to the body as it is to the mind—the latter may over-rule the impulses of the former, but if the taint of weakness once pervade the mind, the brawniest sinew will swell in vain. We are not then to imagine that we can substitute for the healthy vigour of a matured mind the scintillations of a fastidious fancy, nursed by the graces, and nourished from the fount of love. As a corrector of exuberant vigour the perception of beauty is beneficial, as a recreation after severer duties allowed by the most rigid. Though we may safely be allowed to wing our flight over the bowers of Paphos and Cytherea, it were dangerous to alight on the tainted soil. We may be sensible of an exhilarating appeal without succumbing to a malignant influence; and he who drinks deeply where he should only sip will sink inebriate and powerless. The highlander, as he roams through his rugged soil, gleans fearless mien and dauntless breast from the inspiring scenes and the bracing air—lead him to the plain, he either sickens to return or forfeits his manly daring amidst the soothing influence of civilization. Raffaele could depict, with equal power, the venerable prophet, the steel-clad warrior, and the beauteous Madonna; had he only sought the type of beauty in female eyes, he would have failed to perpetuate his manly concep-

tions—he to whom woman is a world of thought and perception is the least fitted to celebrate her beauty or virtues; it is by contrast alone that the identity of an object is secured—a thing compared with itself, or its like, is never known: if we would learn to love the splendour of an unsullied sky we must have beheld it wrapt in the sable storm, or rent with the livid lightning—the virgin, beaming with beauty and innocence, becomes irradiate by contact with the shrivelled midnight hag. Shall the law of contrast, then, be lost in the human mind, when preserved in all nature besides. Shall man, because beauty is a main-spring of his heart and his mind, chain them in their allegiance. When the body shall derive nourishment from the aroma of the choicest distillations, the mind may revel in the exotic delights of imagination, but until it is proved that Art is a single quality, not a glorious whole, we may cast the net of detection and ridicule on the recumbent and helpless Mars, as he lies enervated in the bower of Venus.

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#### ENGLISH ARCHITECTS.\*

*Continued from p. 227.*

INIGO JONES.

THOUGH architect to the queen and to Prince Henry, and patronized by the nobles of their court, it is evident that Inigo Jones perceived that he had not yet studied his art so as to master all its capabilities, and that he was not so entirely satisfied with his knowledge as to become desirous of an opportunity to go deeper into the mysteries of those magnificent buildings erected by the Romans of old, of which he had before taken many drawings of the finest, many of which were the wonder of Italy. When he had before visited that favourite country, painting shared his study with architecture; for according to Webb, in Italy he designed many works, and discovered many antiquities before unknown; and here his abilities as an architect were

\* The contributor of this article feels much obliged by the communication of Mr. Miles, of Stockton; the Kirby, he speaks of in Northamptonshire may have been built by Thorpe; but he has no memoranda of any other Kerby erected by that architect than the one built for John Kerby, or Kirby, a citizen of London, alluded to at p. 51 of the First Series of the Library of Arts. Errata at p. 225,—for Balsover read Balsover; and at p. 226, for Ferabaseo read Feraboseo.

better known than they were at home ; but, on his second visit to the world of art, he resolved to make architecture alone his study. When Prince Henry died in 1612, the situation of prince's architect became void, and his income suffered. He had, however, the king's promise of the office of surveyor of the government's works ; the incumbent was old, and Jones, says Webb, went abroad, where he remained till the situation became his own. In the winter of 1612, according to Gyfford's Life of Ben Jonson, Jones left this country for Italy, where he remained several years. But on the 16th of February, 1613, a masque was performed at Whitehall, on the nuptials of the Palgrave and the Princess Elizabeth ; " invented and fashioned (as the title sets forth) by our kingdom's most artful and ingenious architect, Inigo Jones, digested and written by the ingenious poet, George Chapman." \* Consequently, there must be some mistake, either in this assertion of Gyfford's or of Webb's, unless the masque had been arranged and sent over by Jones from Italy. To his second residence in Italy, whenever it commenced or ended, we must unquestionably refer the visible improvements in the elegance and unity of his buildings, and his rejection of the heavy mixed and grotesque style ; among the improvements in his manner, he excelled in the composition of chimneys to his palaces. Mr. Gwilt believes that we may justly consider Jones as the first architect who arrived at any great degree of perfection in this material branch of the art, in which neither the Italians nor the French, nor, indeed, any one of the continental nations have ever excelled.

We may gather from many allusions, scattered over the pages of " Stonehenge Restored," and the defence of that work by Webb, that he searched curiously on that occasion into the manner of laying the foundations, uniting stones, and obtaining that compact and durable masonry, which is observable in the structure of the ancients. Much, indeed, of this he might have seen in the old castles of his native land, in which, however, the art of laying the stones is less than the knowledge, which our old masons have not bequeathed to their descendants, of soldering the whole together with mortar of such strength that, from foundation to turret, a tower seems like one stone.

On his return to London, he was made surveyor to his majesty's works, in the room of *Simon Basil* ; and as it was the fashion in those days for court painters and sculptors to wear *liveries* and *badges*, the

\* Chapman, the poet, was the intimate friend of Jones, to whom he dedicated his *Musæus*, in 1616. Jones made Chapman's monument, erected in St. Giles's Church.

architect had to put himself into the like costume. A MS. says Mr. Cunningham, preserved in the British Museum, gives us some information concerning this dress of Inigo. It is no less than the royal order for his livery; and if this were his first suit, the date of his accession to office could be fixed.—“James, Lord Hay, master of the wardrobe, is commanded to give him five yards of broad cloth for a gown, at 26s. 8d. the yard; one fur of budge,\* for the same gown, price 4l.; 4½ yards of baize, to line the same, at 5s. the yard; for furring the said gown, 10s.; and for making the same, 10s. And further, our pleasure and commandment is, that yearly henceforth, at the Feast of All Saints, ye deliver, or cause to be delivered, unto the said Inigo Jones, the like parcels for his livery, with the furring and making of the same as aforesaid, during his natural life, and these lines, signed with our hand, shall be your sufficient warrant-dormant and discharge: given under our signature, at the palace at Westminster, 16 Mar. in the 13 year of our reign in England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland, the nine and fortieth (i. e. 1616).” The period mentioned, says Mr. Cunningham, was a time of great designs on the part of the king, and of extreme parsimony on the part of the parliament. Elizabeth, a splendid queen and a sordid woman, had no family to aid in consuming her revenue, she neither encouraged painting, sculpture, nor architecture, but expended her income in strengthening her fleets, and encouraging commerce. She taught the nation a secret, since lost, of being powerful and respected at a little cost. James came poor from Scotland, and his wealthy subjects of the South resolved to keep him so. Splendid palaces, grand galleries of paintings, noble libraries, and churches of surpassing beauty were ever present to his imagination; but in these views no one sympathized, save a few men of genius, and a herd of supple courtiers. Among those who participated in the sentiments of the king, the most distinguished was Jones. The introduction of gods and goddesses into masques, and of classic architecture into churches and palaces, was taking his majesty on the side where he was at once weak and strong. The architect rose daily into favour; and it was soon circulated that he had designed a palace for the king, capable of giving accommodation to a family equalling in number the progeny of the original

\* Budge-fur.

“Oh, foolishness of men that lend their ears  
To those *budge* doctors of the stoic fur.”

MILTON'S COMUS.

See Johnson's Dictionary.

Soloman, and more than rivalling in magnificence any royal dwelling in the world. How a pile, so vast and gorgeous, was to be built out of an empty exchequer was, however, a consideration which must have sorely perplexed the monarch and the artist. At no period of our history have we been found forward in laying out our wealth on royal palaces. When Walpole said that Inigo dropt the pencil and conceived Whitehall, he alluded to this palace, which, to our shame and reproach, exists only in those splendid volumes, published by Kent, or rather by Lord Burlington, where the sketches of Jones are united in one structure, uniform and consistent in all its parts, with ground plans, sections, and elevations. It has been said, that Jones had drawn the designs for the palace at Whitehall in his former master's (James) reign: and that part of it, the Banqueting House, which is scarcely a fiftieth part of the intended palace, in a most pure and beautiful taste, was now carried into execution. It was at first designed for the reception of foreign ambassadors, and the ceiling was painted, some years after, by Rubens, with the glories of James's reign. The authors of the lives of Jones, says Walpole, place the erection of the Banqueting House of Whitehall Palace in the reign of Charles I.; but, according to that noble writer (*vide his Life of Stone*), it was begun in 1619, and finished in two years after, Stone being the builder, and James, resolving to see a part of his new palace, laid the first stone in the year above mentioned. It was then, as since, much admired for the elegance and propriety of the proportions. The king and Inigo both indulged in the hope of seeing the design perfected; but time rolled on,—James died, and the great civil war quenched for ever the elegant desires and designs which Charles inherited from his father; and of the palace of the poetic architect, the whole is still in the portfolio, except that beautiful detached fragment, from whose centre window the unfortunate prince stepped upon the scaffold.

The palace of Whitehall was to have extended 874 feet along the side of the Thames, the same length along the foot of St. James's park, presenting one front to Charing Cross of 1200 feet long, another and the principal of similar dimensions towards Westminster Abbey. According to Mr. Smirke, Whitehall built according to the magnificent plan of Inigo Jones, would have occupied twenty-four acres.\* Walpole

\* The palace of the Kings of Naples stands on ten and a half acres, Hampton Court on eight or nine, St. James's on four, and Buckingham House two and a half, *vide Gent's Mag.* January, 1832. The general plan of the palace of Whitehall, with the elevation of the Banqueting House, may now be in the possession of every one, as they are represented in the Penny Magazine of the Society for the Diffusion of useful Knowledge, No. 28.

says, that many plates of the intended palace of Whitehall have been given, but he believes from no finished design; three sets of engravings of Whitehall Palace have been published, but with considerable variations from each other; the earliest of these consisting of views of the fronts are in Campbell's *Vitruvius Britt.* printed in 1717; the next of elevations, plans, sections, &c. amounting to thirty-seven plates, in Kent's first vol. of Jones's designs, published in 1727, and the last of large prints of the four fronts, &c. were published by Lord Burlington in 1748-1749, some of Jones's lesser designs of various buildings were published in 1744, and others by Mr. Ware. Upon inspecting these, we are naturally led to discover the Banqueting house, and the intended corresponding Chapel, which are seen *precisely* in only one of them. MSS. Lansdown Brit. Mus. No. 730, survey, or ground plot of Whitehall. Mr. Dallaway says, many distinct designs, both plans and elevations, came into the possession of Dr. George Clarke of Oxford (see his article in our work), as well as the copy of the Palladio, hereafter to be noted. These designs have in many instances been connected into one plan, and that designated "Whitehall." It is evident that those published in the *Vitruvius Britt.* (fol. 1717) could not be genuine, but, Walpole thinks, made up from such detached pieces, with a very heterogeneous application of them. They are said to have belonged to W. Emmett, Esq. of Bromley, and claim to be the same presented to Charles I. in 1639. Aubrey, v. i. p. 413, says, that Mr. Oliver, the city surveyor, hath *all* Jones's MSS, but he must surely mean those which Webb, his son in law and successor, had not. Lord Burlington probably procured those which were not in the possession of Dr. Clarke. From a letter by Pope, addressed to Jervas the painter, Nov. 1716, it appears that the original designs of Inigo Jones were then in the possession of Dr. Clarke, of All Soul's College, Oxford, and the poet's editor, Warton, states that the Dr. bequeathed them to the library of Worcester College, wherein most probably they still remain:—see Roscoe's *Life of Pope*. In this letter to Jervas, Pope says, "I had the good fortune to be often in company with Dr. Clarke (at Oxford) and he entertained me with several drawings, and particularly with the original designs of Inigo Jones for Whitehall." These drawings are with others in Jones's *Palladio*, accompanied by his own notes and observations in Italian. The copy of this edition, printed in "Venezia impresso Barto Carampolo, fol. 1613," (1601, according to Mr. Gwilt's notes) see his "works of Sir William Chambers." This book was bought of Michael Burghers the engraver, by Dr. George Clarke, and Mr. Dallaway, who has been favoured with a sight of it, says, that there are many notes in Italian written in the margin, and



the autograph of Jones frequently, with a very few architectural elevations, delicately drawn with Indian Ink. The first date is Vicenza, Thursdaie 23 September, 1613. Another "In the name of God, Amen, the second daie of January, 1614, I, being in Rome, composed the desine following, with the ruines, INIGO JONES." This very curious book was the companion of the great architect, in his peregrinations through Italy, and has suffered much in the service, but has been judiciously kept in the state in which he left it; Leoni promised these notes of Jones in his first edition of his architecture, but did not give them. The Duke of Devonshire has a sketch book by Inigo Jones with the notes in Latin, and Lord Burlington had a Vitruvius, noted by him in the same manner. On the title page of the volume in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire is written, ROMA altro diletto che imparar non trovo, Inigo Jones, 1614. It is full of spirited and elaborate drawings in pen and ink, from pictures, and statues, and proves that the writer was a very accomplished artist.\* It is a most remarkable and highly valuable relic from this sketch book: a small number of lithographic fac-similes were privately printed by order of the Duke of Devonshire, who in the politest manner, invited us over to Chatsworth to inspect the originals, and who caused one of these fac-simile copies to be presented to the Society of Antiquaries. J. P. Collier, esq. F. S. A. addressed at the same time a letter to Mr. Amyot, the society's treasurer, in which he remarks, that although this sketch book was executed when Inigo Jones was in Italy in 1614, and he was appointed architect to the king† before 1606, it does not contain a single design, hint, or note of, or for any building, public or private, while it is obvious from every page that the author was studying the human figure with great care. At Devonshire House are also preserved Inigo Jones's original designs for the scenes and costumes of the characters of the masques, written by Ben Jonson, and presented at the royal residence. Mr. Nichols, in his progresses of King James, abounds with curious descriptions of the scenery, machinery, and properties of these masques. But to return to Whitehall.

*To be continued.*

\* See Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. i. p. 392.

† He was only architect at this time to Prince Henry.

## SUMMARY OF EARLY SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.

AMONG those fine arts which afford the most satisfactory testimony of the civilization and attainments of past ages, architecture and sculpture offer the chief specimens from which history derives its surest information: upon few subjects therefore, can the researches of the curious be more advantageously employed than in rescuing from oblivion the names and dates of the various artists, and in illustrating the merits incidental to their skilful labours.

The early sculpture of Great Britain is almost exclusively confined to the interiors and exteriors of churches. When the religion of our ancestors was the same as that of the greater part of the continent of Europe, immense sums were expended in the production of innumerable saints and shrines; which in many instances were executed in gold and silver, and ornamented with precious stones: but no idea seems to have prevailed of encouraging the noblest branch of the art by selecting men of superior genius, and employing them on groups or single figures, for any other purpose but that which may be fairly termed architectural ornament.

History is nearly silent on the subject of sculpture in this kingdom during the Heptarchy, or soon after the Roman conquest; the art was so little practised, that no sepulchral statue is recorded in the chronicles of England, before the time of William the Conqueror; although frequent mention is made of monuments raised over the dead; one especially deserving remark, as it is remaining to this day, near Aylesford, in Kent, which, according to Speed, was raised over the body of Catigern, the British chief, who engaged with Horsa, the Saxon, A.D. 455, "in single fight hand to hand, and slew each other. In which place Catigern was buried, and a monument in memory of him erected: the stones whereof to this day appeare, and stand upon a great plaine in the parish of Ailsford, and from Catigern, as yet is corruptly called Cits-cotihouse. The like monument the Saxons built for Horsa, which time hath now defaced, and whereof Bede (venerable Bede) maketh mention, who saith, that a tombe bearing his name, was in his dayes to be seene in the east part of Kent."\*

Many of the Saxon kings, in order to shew their faith in Christianity by their works quitted the field for the Cloister, and resigned their arms and crown to take the habit of a monk; the queens, likewise, in their

\* Speed's Chronicles, Book 7, Chap. 4.

devoted zeal, especially after the death of their husbands, frequently threw off their robes, founded abbeys, or nunneries, took the veil, and often became abbesses themselves: hence the clergy possessed immense wealth and power, which induced them to raise and endow cathedrals, monasteries, and colleges, which edifices present an indelible record of the grandeur, riches, and influence of the church at those periods.

As the historians of these ages were generally ecclesiastics, they were of course most zealously active in commending sacred foundations, and in praising those religious princes, or such of the clergy as had endowed their monasteries, or bequeathed lands to their use.

Those monuments we meet with inscribed in commemoration of the kings of the Saxons, such as Ina at Wells, Osric at Gloucester, Sebba and Ethelbert, which were in old St. Paul's, or wherever else they occur, were undoubtedly cenotaphs erected in later ages by the several abbeys and convents of which they were founders, in gratitude to such generous benefactors.

So early as the beginning of the sixth century, King Arthur caused his arms, consisting of a shield with a cross, and the Virgin Mary bearing Christ in her arms, to be sculptured in stone, and placed over the first gate of entrance to Glastonbury Abbey. The coins of our early monarchs must be regarded as specimens of the state of statuary at this period; some of these are still to be found in the cabinets of the curious, but they display little more knowledge of art, than might be traced in the first attempts of a child.

There is likewise sufficient evidence remaining on record, to prove that the Britons were well acquainted with the art of casting statues in bronze; as well as in gold and silver, which, in all probability, they had first learned from the Romans, and continued to practise long after that people had quitted this country.

Cadwallo, king of the Britons, "reigned in great honor the space of eight and fourty yeeres, and in peace died 22 of November, in the yere of Christ Jesus, six hundred seventy seven. His body the Britaines buried in S. Martins Church, in London, neere Ludgate; whose image great and terrible, triumphantly riding on horseback, being artificially cast of brasse, they placed upon the same West gate, to the further feare and terror of the Saxons, as Vortimer before had commanded his at Stonar,\* in the Isle of Thanet." From the same author we learn that this equestrian statue was destroyed by Egbert, King of the West Saxons, A.D. 802.

\* Speed's Chronicles, Book 7, Chap. 12.

The early Christian churches in England produced very little employment for the statuary or ornament carver; they appear to have been very extensive and totally free from decoration: one of the oldest specimens remaining of this description may be seen in part of the nave of St. Alban's Abbey, built by Offa, king of the Mercians or East Saxons, after his return from Rome, A.D. 795, but no mention is made of images or sacerdotal ornaments of any kind being presented to this church by its zealous founder, although he was in Rome while "the council at Nice, consisting of about three hundred and fifty bishops, unanimously pronounced that the worship of images is agreeable to scripture and reason, to the fathers and councils of the church."

"During many years after this decision, the contest was maintained with unabated rage and various success, between the worshippers and the breakers of the images. The churches of France, Germany, England, and Spain, steered a middle course between the adoration and the destruction of images, which they admitted into their temples, not as objects of worship, but as lively and useful memorials of faith and history."\*

About the same time that Offa founded the abbey of St. Alban's, or according to some writers rather earlier, Ina, king of the West Saxons, pulled down the old cell of Joseph of Arimathea, and erected on its site, after a most sumptuous manner, the renowned Abbey of Glastonbury, to the honour of Christ, Peter, and Paul: according to Speed, the high altar must have shone with a brilliant profusion of the precious metals. "The Chapell whereof he garnished with gold and silver, and gave rich ornaments thereto; as Altar, Chalice, Censer, Candlesticks, Bason, and Holy Water, Bucket, Images, and Pale for the Altar, of an incredible value: for the gold thereupon bestowed, amounted to three hundred thirtie three pound waight, and the silver to two thousand eight hundred thirtie five pound, beside precious Gemmes, embroched in the celebrating vestures."†

William of Malmsbury, in his *Antiquities of Glastonbury*, after enumerating many valuable articles, informs us that the images of Christ and the blessed Virgin, together with those of the twelve apostles, weighed 175 pounds of silver, and 38 pounds of gold.

For a period of more than two hundred years, after the first arrival of the Danes in this country, scarcely a work of art, of any description whatever, is known to have existed, or to have been left remaining in

\* Gibbon's decline and fall of the Roman Empire, Chap. 49

† Speed's *Chronicles*, Book 7, Chap. 7.

England. During a few short intervals of peace, some of the Saxon kings erected, restored, and enlarged a few abbeys and monasteries; but these were of the early Saxon style, and consequently extremely plain and unornamented. Destruction, conquest, and submission, alternately reigned throughout the land: the pagan Danes pillaged or burnt whatever stood in their way: abbeys and churches, with their rich shrines, supporting a heavenly host of saints in gold and silver, presented fine objects of plunder to these cruel and merciless invaders, who generally set fire to a town before they left it. In vain therefore may we search for specimens of art, executed in a country constantly at war with intruders, who paid no respect whatever, either to age, sex, or religion: even the Saxon clergy were dragged from the sanctuaries and put to the sword by the idolatrous Danes.

So little were the Fine Arts considered while the Danes were in England, that many of the Saxon coins of that period have only a cross, or other simple character in the middle, with an inscription in large letters around, without any head or portrait of the monarch in whose reign they were coined.

In Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*\* we are informed that "the figure of Ailwin, who founded Ramsey Abbey, A. D. 969, is one of the oldest genuine sepulchral monuments among us, and almost the only remains of that rich house, where it now lies neglected in a yard. It is habited in a kind of mantle, buskins, and pileus; the right hand holds two keys and a ragged staff, the left lies on the breast." It is extremely probable, that this learned antiquary was too much influenced by the inscription, in his conjectures as to the genuineness of this figure: it is more likely to have been devised and made in honour of the founder some years after his death.

Impressions of a solitary undoubted specimen of sculpture, of the reign of Edward the Confessor, remain to this day, after the lapse of 800 years. It was, probably, the work of the best artist, in that department, then living. It was used for the great seal of this sovereign, and appended to charters and grants; two specimens may still be seen in the Cottonian collection at the British Museum, and others are to be found in some of the Museums at Paris: on either side is an entire figure of the king, seated; each representation varying but little from the other, except in the insignia which he holds in his hands. As a work of Art it is extremely rude, possessing little or no merit, and evidently the production of an age when the Fine Arts

\* Vol. I. Introduction, page xxi.

were scarcely encouraged or noticed : nevertheless, it may be regarded with a certain degree of interest, when considered as the oldest English sculptured performance now remaining ; and more particularly, as Edward the Confessor was the first of the kings of England who used a large and stately seal for the confirmation of royal charters and patents ; which practice has been continued to the present time by every succeeding monarch. †

Before we leave the Saxon, and enter the Norman period, it is but justice to state, that the Anglo-Saxons could not have been so uncivilized as they are generally reported to have been ; for poetry and poets were never more honoured and admired than in this period, since many of their princes were as ambitious of the laurel as of the regalia : Alfred, surnamed the Great, "was a man of extraordinary learning, a good musician, and was considered the prince of poets : " Aldhelm, who was a prince of the royal family of Wessex, and Bishop of Sherborn, was also the best poet of this age : indeed, the chief amusement of the Saxon kings seems to have been hearing the recitations of their bards, and learning their verses by heart themselves. However, other branches of learning and polite arts might be afterwards encouraged, those who will take the trouble to examine such of the poems and other works of this period, as are still extant, will find in them a considerable portion of merit, if divested of the superstition which characterizes those remote ages.

The continual distractions, ravages, and constant war, in which the inhabitants of England had been involved, seem partially to have subsided, after the Norman Conquest : instead of burying their kings and bishops in plain stone coffins, without any tomb or exterior distinction, as heretofore, full length representations of the deceased, carved in stone or marble, in bold relief, were frequently placed on their graves ; sepulchral mementos of this kind were common in the tenth and ele-

† The appointment of chief engraver of his Majesty's seals, has always been given to an artist of eminence ; Thomas Simon, whose works command our attention and admiration at this day, accepted the office under the Commonwealth ; yet at the Restoration, it was thought necessary "to employ him on account of his superior skill," and even to grant him a fresh patent. \* The Rotiers followed ; and at the beginning of the reign of George III. H. Moser, R. A. held the appointment. At his death, Nat. Marchant, R. A. succeeded. The Great Seals of his present Majesty were engraved by Benjamin Wyon ; they are in silver, six inches in diameter, on one side is represented the king on horseback, and on the other side he is seated in the coronation chair, attended by a number of full length allegorical figures.

\* Entry of Patents, from June to Sept. 11, 1660.



venth centuries, examples of which may still be observed in most sacred edifices throughout the country; especially in Worcester cathedral, to the memory of Bishops Oswald, A. D. 983, and Wulstan, A. D. 1084; also to some of the Abbots of Westminster, one in particular (Vitalis, who died A. D. 1082), which is placed over his grave in the cloisters of that Abbey, though much obliterated by the bad usage it has met with, has all the appearance of having been well executed: on his head is a mitre, in his left hand a crosier.

To take an active part in the holy war, and make vows of pilgrimage to the Holy Land, were in these days esteemed highly meritorious. Knights Templars were received, cherished, and enriched throughout Europe; they were usually buried cross-legged, in token of the banner under which they fought, and completely armed, to indicate their military career: from so honourable a distinction, this sort of monument became much in fashion. Statues in this attitude, on tombs of warriors, are generally viewed as representations of crusaders, although history by no means authorises this as an invariable rule: several of the effigies in the Temple Church are of knights, who, undoubtedly, had performed pilgrimages; also the figure of Robert, Duke of Normandy, who died 1134, brother to Henry I. and was buried in the cathedral of Gloucester, lies cross-legged in his coat of mail, surtout, sword, spurs, and coronet; having vowed, and actually performed, a crusade, during five years, to the Holy Land. This latter statue may be considered as a fair example of Art at that period. In the Temple Church are likewise the cross-legged effigies of William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, who died 1219; William, his son, who died 1231; and Gilbert, another son, who died 1241: no record is to be found of these three warriors having performed the pilgrimage: Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, second son to Henry III. had been to the Holy War, and yet, in his monument in Westminster Abbey, he is not represented cross-legged. To have made the vow of crusading was sufficient to obtain the honour of being so commemorated after death, whether they lived to perform the journey or not.

The sacred edifices that were erected about this time assumed a more ornamented appearance; various animals, and very frequently the human form were introduced in corbels, capitals, &c. which necessarily provided some employment for sculptors, many of whom were foreigners, procured by those itinerant priests whose close connection and dependance on the papal power, occasioned them to make frequent journeys to Rome: but the trifling remuneration offered to artists, in those days, could not induce men of first rate abilities to leave their

native country, where the arts had been much longer established; this may account for the monstrous, and often indecent productions on many of the old gothic buildings, which are certainly indications of a depraved, rude, and illiterate imagination.

Few of the earliest specimens of sculpture which adorned the gothic structures of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are now remaining, but they were almost invariably placed in recesses or niches of the pointed style of architecture; whence it became a matter of necessity to introduce but one figure, and that in an upright position; yet under all these disadvantages a competent judge may discover in the majority of the works of our ancient sculptors a freedom and correctness of design that might, with due encouragement, have produced works equal even to those of the Italian school. If we examine the countenances of the kings and saints scattered over cathedrals, and some parish churches, it will be evident that the artists who made them were capable of expressing dignity and piety: their drapery is generally in large graceful folds, correspondent to the position of the limbs.

The admirer of this art cannot fail being highly gratified by tracing the progress of English statuary in that vast field for observation, Westminster Abbey; where he will find almost an annual succession of architectural and monumental figures from the Norman Conquest to the present day.

*(To be continued.)*

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## OPINIONS ON ART.

### COLOURING.

THE same testimony which has been adduced to establish the excellence of the ancient painters in design, is also brought for the same purpose in colouring, chiaroscuro, and composition. "Accordingly, (says our author) Parrhasius, Zeuxis, and Apelles, the most celebrated painters, were at the same time the best colourists." If we examine the praises bestowed on the last of them, we shall find, that they turn chiefly on that truth and beauty, which are the gift of colours. The master-piece of this painter, and consequently of the art itself, was his Venus Anadyomene. Tully thus marks its perfections, "In the Coan Venus, that is not real body, but the resemblance of a body, nor is that ruddiness so diffused and blended with white, real blood, but a certain resemblance of blood."

Now, if this be not hyperbole, it may reasonably be asked what is ? and if what has been advanced by Tully and others upon this and various qualities of art, in which it is said the ancient painters excelled, have no better support than such sort of commendation, little reliance is to be placed on what they have said. After all, in this far fetched and declamatory effusion of Tully, we only see that which is conspicuous every day in the language of connoisseurs, who see in their favorite examples, the same fanciful excellence, and bestow on them the same inflated language. A specimen of this kind is found nearer our own time. Ben Jonson, the friend and contemporary of Shakespeare, writes under an engraving prefixed to an early edition of the works of our immortal bard, the following ;

" This figure that thou here seest put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,  
Wherein the graver had a strife,  
With nature to outdoe the life.  
O, could he but have drawn his wit,  
As well in brass, as he has hit  
His face ; the print would then surpass  
All that was ever writ in brass.  
But since he cannot, reader, look  
Not on his picture, but his book."—B. J.

It unfortunately happens, however, that this print so eulogized is one of the worst, even of the period in which it was executed. A painting in encaustic, recently exhibited of Cleopatra applying the asp, said to be by Timomachus, and nearly two thousand years old, is much of the same character, and might in the early state of the arts in Greece, have given rise to the same laudatory language. Some caution is therefore necessary, in taking upon trust the encomiums of ancient writers on the works of ancient painters.

There is something in the following, also of a doubtful character, where the author says,

" Pliny tells us, speaking of Parrhasius, that he painted two warriors, one of which rushing to battle seemed to sweat ; the other stripped of his armour was seen to pant."

The author then goes on to say, " what a warmth, what a tenderness of pencil ? Can paint express that melting effusion, that dewy moisture which springs from a quickening perspiration. The mellowest tints of the Venetian school furnish no such ideas."

Such remarks are for the most part fanciful ; there is much more elicited by the following :

" Parrhasius and Euphranor had each painted a Theseus : Euphranor

objected to his rival, that his Theseus looked as if he had fed on roses—his own, as if he had fed on flesh.” “What more (observes the author) would we say of Barroccio and Titian. It is reported of Apelles, that when one of his scholars had painted a Helen, loaded with ornaments, he cried out,

“So, young man! not able to make her beautiful, thou hast made her fine.”

This, however, does not apply so much to colouring as to form, expression, and character, but may well be admitted in proof of the knowledge and skill of Apelles and his contemporaries.

If the ancient artists have left us no examples in colouring, it is obvious that the moderns have no obligations to them on that score; but that the same powers which operated at one period were felt and acted upon at another; and that the moderns, by making use of their sight, found an eye for colouring, without the aid of ancient art, as its character and improvement may be traced from the first crude attempts on the revival of art, to its consummate harmony and excellence in the Venetian, Florentine, and Flemish schools of painting.

That an eye for colouring is by some deemed innate, may be inferred by analogy in an ear for music, which has been found to exist at an earlier age than that to which instruction could be applied. This can only be accounted for by a more perfect organization: but as regards colouring, no very early instances can be adduced; the power of seeing and comparing infers practice: the judging of colours in the very young, is not separated from what belongs to the general character of the picture, and in most instances the judgment of a juvenile eye will be in favour of the glaring or the crude in painting. But as both ear and eye may be assisted by cultivation, the acquisition is open to all. The eye, cultivated to observe what is fitted for pictorial representation, will also derive the same advantage in looking to the works of the best colourists, and no surer method of attaining to this excellence can be pointed out, than by copying their paintings; this, and this alone, will shew the artist the power of his means with the pigments and vehicles in use, and how far he can reach the depth and harmony of those tones, which constitute so much of the magic of colouring.

It should appear that a discriminating power to judge of the harmony of colours has been shewn by people and nations where no instructions could have been obtained but from nature's own plau; where, in the splendid tints and harmonized gradations of the rainbow, all may see, and some may feel the true harmony of colours. Ex-

amples of this natural judgment, or skill in the arrangement of colours, are found among the Mexicans, and other nations, cut off from all intercourse with each other; "yet," observes our author, "to consider things justly, nothing can be more natural; the seeds of ingenuity, like those of good sense, are sown in all soils; and it is no more extraordinary that their productions should be alike, than that the oranges of new Spain should resemble those of old."

Nor is to be wondered at, in a country abounding in the prodigalities of nature, where the most splendid and beautiful colours are seen in the feathered race, that results, such as appeared in their productions, should have been found among them.

In the more sterile and unproductive parts of the globe, we find no such fanciful decorations, at least, no attempt at arrangement in the harmony of colours.

Since, however, the phrase, "an eye for colouring," has obtained, and, as in some, it is never fully acquired, a few practical observations and some investigation of the subject of good colouring, will here be in place, more especially at a time when the rage for high colouring and exaggerated art, is the prevalent feature of all our exhibitions. Where nature is forced into the service of art, and as a servant must wear the livery of his master. What that livery is, will be seen by the primary colours, in their greatest excess, brought into view on all occasions; subjects, whether grave or gay, are now painted in situations where apparently light never enters. Our artists prepare themselves for this combat of colours, and force of effect, with all the might and fever of excited colourists; even those whose names and station in the Arts secure them attention, enter the lists, and help, by this bravoura of art to vitiate the public taste, in which case it is with art as it is in begging—the most glaring is seen, as the most clamorous obtain.

To paint for the parlour is one thing, to paint for an exhibition is quite another. Bring a performance where red, blue, yellow, and green, are seen in their highest key; and what furniture, except the most gaudy, can be found to match with the audacity of art.

Or take from the National Gallery, the Bacchus and Ariadne, the Venus and Adonis of Titian, or the Peace and War by Rubens,—give them an indifferent place in the great room in Somerset House, and see how they would fare, to say nothing of the little Correggio, which has not one bright colour to recommend it, though it cost so much: alas! it would be borne down by the glare with which it would be surrounded.

Say to an artist, whose works partake of this vitiated taste for bright

colours, that "all is not gold that glitters," and the answer will be, "no, but the public think so," and it is much to be feared, that a want of good sense, good taste, or a knowledge of the principles of painting is the cause; and that the want of these qualities in the greater part of the public, occasions pictures to be multiplied, where the meretricious overpowers every better quality in the performance. Still there may be merit in execution, expression, and composition, but the besetting vice will be glaring and obtrusive colouring. It is painful to see how near the verge of paper staining, some of our artist's works approach; nor can I pass a shop where these glaring examples for papering rooms are exhibited, but I draw a comparison between them and some of our exhibition pictures, which appear to be painted *down* to their standard.

That there is a sense of the right, and a feeling for the good, both in artist and amateur, is not to be denied, but as precept and practice, they do not always go hand in hand. It is one thing to point out the path, and another to follow in its track: who ever pursued a more devious or opposite course to the tenor of his discourses, than the great preceptor of English Art, Sir Joshua Reynolds? to the students he recommends the study of the beau ideal, as exhibited in the works of the ancient sculptors, and as seen in great masters of the Italian school, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and others, whose taste and practice accorded with them, yet his own work had little or none of their feeling. Something of the gusto of Michael Angelo may be traced in his picture of Count Ugolino, and of the antique, in the agonized sons of the ill fated nobleman, but his predilection was evidently for the style of the Venetian and Flemish schools, and a union of their best qualities will be found in his paintings, that of colouring and chiaroscuro. His classic in Art has often a tincture of the grotesque; this is obvious in his paintings of Macbeth, and the death of Cardinal Beaufort. That he exalted the character of portrait painting, and invested it with those qualities of Art which have raised the English school beyond any other in this department of Art none will deny, but that his practice and his precepts were often at variance must also be admitted. Colouring is certainly the most seductive part of painting, and the admiration excited by a well coloured picture approaches more to the sensual than to the intellectual pleasure of Art; and in the attainment of this epicurean quality, the artist sometimes loses sight of sentiment, and sacrifices every other quality at the shrine of colouring.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was undoubtedly the best colourist of the English school, and his instructions on that head deserve every attention,



he lays little or no stress on the advantage of copying, but he shall speak for himself.

“The great use in copying, if it be at all useful, should seem to be in learning to colour; yet even colouring will never be perfectly attained by servilely copying the model before you. An eye critically nice, can only be formed by observing well coloured pictures with attention; and by close inspection, and minute examination you will discover at last, the manner of handling, the artifices of contract, glazing, and other expedients, by which good colourists have raised the value of their tints, and by which, nature has been so happily imitated.”

“Following these rules—when you have clearly and distinctly learned in what good colouring consists, you cannot do better than have recourse to nature herself, who is always at hand, and in comparison of whose rules, the best coloured pictures are but faint and feeble.”

Such observations, and from such authority, cannot fail to carry weight, and to a certain extent influence the practice, but the eye is influenced by so many circumstances, and is acted upon so variously, that it is difficult to lay down any precise rules by which it may be guided. Close inspection and minute examination may imbue the mind and instruct the eye; in some partial instances, it may be taught to revolt at the sight of crude or cold colours, to feel satisfied with the mellow colouring of Rembrandt, and the glowing tints of Titian, Giorgione, and others of that school; but nature is too varied to be confined to one complexion, however true in its general application; there is the florid and the pale, the warm and the cold, both as regards animate and inanimate nature, and with her all is in harmony: we look at the green of the grass, at the blue of the sky, at the yellow corn, and the flaunting red of the poppy; and though ultra in each, all is yet in harmony; but let the unpractised eye endeavour to imitate nature with the reds and the blues, the yellows and the greens of his palette in their crude and ultra state, and see where the resemblance would be; not in this way of attempting to imitate her hues.

May it not be said that nature interposes an atmosphere, even in the brightest days, that tones down her most brilliant tints, and brings all in to harmony, now it is this, or rather an artificial atmosphere, that the artist must find, and by neutralizing some, and improving others of his colours, find an accordance between his prototype and his imitation.

The effect of atmosphere may be seen at various seasons of the year operating according as it is clear or dense, clothing, or rather colouring every object in its own hue. In the clear light of a summer's day, the

extreme distance in a landscape will appear blue, and if a corn field should come between it and the eye, the blue colour will seem still more distinct, but that blue cannot be imitated by the ultra-marine on your palette, without being broken and neutralized by other colours.

Some pictures are brought into harmony by one pervading hue or tone, for instance, vandyde brown, or asphaltum, mixed with every other colour, will have an effect towards harmonizing in the progress of the work, and ultimately in the finishing; but this process is the last, and is called glazing. There are rules to mix colours for flesh, draperies, and other objects, but the subtleties of the Art are in the eye, hints may assist, but cannot form the judgment. It is recommended to the student in painting flesh, to think of a peach and a pearl, to avoid foxiness on one hand, and cold or blackness on the other, these are the Scylla and Charybdis of Art. Those who paint flesh and white drapery well, may be considered as having overcome two of the greatest difficulties in colouring, and that an eye competent to this, cannot greatly err in whatever arrangement of colours the subject may require.\* There are, who think good colouring must be warm colouring, and press into their service every colour approaching to warm, forgetting that a picture may be well, that is naturally coloured, though the prevailing tints may be cold.

Sir Joshua Reynolds appears to have had an entire predilection for this warmth of colouring, and many of his paintings are decidedly calculated upon to that effect.

## ON THE STUDY OF LANDSCAPE FROM NATURE.

BY ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. ADDRESSED TO YOUTH. No. II.

It would be unjust to the memory of a few other artists who practised in transparent water colours, were their ingenious labours to remain unrecorded in these pages: as each contributed his share of talent towards the general improvement of the art, previously to the memo-

\* Some idea may be formed of the difficulty of painting flesh, from the way in which painters of still life, fruit and flowers, attempt it, though for the most part in vain. The flesh in some of Teniers' best pictures is only passable, and hardly ever looked at in comparison with his pots, pans, and other utensils. The paintings of Rubens resemble garlands or clusters of flowers, but a flower painter would find himself foiled in attempting to paint figures like Rubens.

able epoch which commences with the distinguished triumvirate Turner, Girtin, and Westall.

The first was John Clevely, who drew marine subjects; this ingenious artist held some appointment in his majesty's dock-yard, Deptford. Having early evinced a predilection for graphic art, he attempted painting in oil, when becoming acquainted with Paul Sandby, who was professor of drawing at the military academy at Woolwich, he derived some information from him on the process of drawing in water-colours as then practised, and having a constant opportunity of contemplating shipping of every kind homeward and outward bound each tide, he applied his knowledge to the delineation of these picturesque objects, and soon acquired the habit of drawing and designing marine subjects with enviable truth and facility.

Thus qualified, when the celebrated Lord Mulgrave went upon a voyage of discovery, Mr. Clevely was appointed draughtsman to the expedition. He subsequently attended Sir Joseph Banks, in his voyage to Iceland, in the same capacity. The various subjects which he drew on these interesting expeditions were executed with taste and skill. Certain drawings of marine subjects, particularly his smaller works, possess considerable merit; some few indeed are not only eminently spirited in execution, but very clear, and harmonious in tinting, and are deservedly held in estimation by the unprejudiced collector.

Next on the list is John Smith, cognomened "*Warwick Smith*," from the circumstance of his having had the rare advantage, at this period, of studying landscape and topographical art in water colours, in the regions of Italy, under the auspices of that very accomplished and amiable nobleman, the late Earl of Warwick.

It is due to this ingenious draughtsman of the old school, to assign to him, the credit of being the first who successfully aimed at producing that force in water colours, which assumed the appearance of a *picture*, properly so designated, some of his Italian scenery, although the *chiaroscuro* was prepared with grey, being tinted almost up to the force of oil painting. To use the phrase of Gainsborough, Smith was the first professor of water colour art, who had "carried his intention through." His most successful works, though not many in number, certainly surpassed in the union of light, shadow, and colour, all that had been produced before.

The next in succession, was the no less ingenious William Payne, who held some civil appointment in the arsenal at Plymouth. Mr. Payne, it appears, was entirely self-taught, and struck out by the force

of his own perceptions, an entirely new style of drawing, which, malgre its simplicity and peculiarities, was hailed as one of the most fascinating processes that had yet been discovered amongst the experimentalists in the whole scope of water-colour practice.

For the vivid display of sun-shine, and those evanescent effects of light and shadow, denominated *incidental*, as exhibited by the ingenious inventor in certain of his small drawings, nothing had appeared so captivating, and, generally speaking, more true, for the grey or aerial tint, as disposed by his judicious management, opposed to his warm tints, wrought an effect, particularly in his coast scenery, that might almost vie in freshness and vigour, with similar scenery, as viewed in the *camera obscura*.

Unfortunately for the reputation of this artist, "*Payne's style*" became corrupt, merely from its becoming too common; being so rendered from the folly of fashion; for so obviously simple, and easily comprehensible was his process, that all the mammas in the land were eager to obtain him as the instructor of their daughters, who were impatient to cover paper with mountains, hills, rocks, rivers, trees, and waterfalls, à la Payne. Thus sought, Mr. Payne derived for some years, a vast income from teaching, until, working from his first stock of ideas, and upon the same almost unvaried process, his style originally not strictly orthodox, seduced him still further from nature, until he degenerated into a mere mannerist.

Simple and obvious as might be his process, however, it contained the elements of a style capable of effecting much in water-colour art; as was proved indeed by John Glover, whose brilliant landscapes in these materials, were executed upon Payne's process, only carried further, by more careful attention, in the application thereof, and by superadding a greater variety of tints, on the preparation of grey tones.

As this series, "*On the Study of Landscape from Nature*," is addressed to youth, and more particularly to the amateur than the professional student, we shall now commence our promised observations upon the different processes, that have been used by every distinguished professor, that every juvenile practitioner may select that for his instruction or amusement, which he may prefer.

We beg to be allowed to premise, that although it is intended herein to give a general analysis of every style, from the most simple to the most recondite, agreeable to the practice of the respective professors; yet, we feel it incumbent in our zeal for the improvement of those whom we address, to advise the adoption of the easiest for the exercise

of their talent at design, or in copying from nature ; for the knowledge of drawing, like that of all other arts, being progressive, is best attained by the practice of that system which is the most plain, simple, and consequently most facile in operation and execution, because the easiest understood. The obvious reason why so few amateurs produce works that are worthy the name of art, is, from persisting in the error, of attempting too much at first ; instead of judiciously, or it may be said, modestly commencing at the beginning, they thoughtlessly, if not presumptuously, rush into the difficulties and dangers of the pursuit, and proceed, still more bewildered at every step, because vain-glory, or shame, prevent their retreat, to the point from whence they first started.

Payne's process may in some degree be said to be somewhat of the same system as that pursued by Hearne, though more bold and daring in the executive.

Paul Sandby trusted too much to the pen ; for although outline, particularly in small drawings, marks every object delineated with that spirit and vigour which is agreeable to the eye, on the score of manual dexterity, it is very fallacious, in art, if the object thereof be the imitation of nature. Outline indeed, is an abstract quality, and its appearance in a picture can only be endured as the error of prejudice, it being entirely a nonentity in nature. The legitimate practice of an adept in pictorial representation, if he would produce a finished, or complete picture, is to render his subject with the painting-brush, and not the pen ; and according to modern practice, this is as indispensable in a picture in water-colours, as in a picture painted in oil.

It may be urged that the justly admired works in water-colours by Prout, by Edridge, and by other artists who have produced topographical drawings, wherein the vigour of the effect is principally ascribable to the obvious markings of the pen. To this it may be answered, that these works, however rich and delightful in pictorial attributes, are at best, but masterly sketches.

Hearne used the pen, but not with so harsh and obvious an outline as Paul Sandby ; indeed sometimes so tenderly as to tint, that in the architectural details, they gave vigour to the forms of the minute parts, as the carvings of a gothic arch, or capital of a column, or even, in the individual forms of decayed stones, boards, and other objects, so that they melted into an agreeable combination, and assisted in defining his forms. But, it must be recollected, that his were merely tinted grey drawings.

Payne excluded outline entirely, and wrought his effects with the

painting-brush alone; hence, his small drawings, in contradistinction to those by Sandby and Hearne, assumed in execution at least, the character of pictures. Some small drawings which he made in his new process, before he settled in the metropolis, Views in the slate quarries at Plympton, in Devonshire, (the immediate neighbourhood of Sir Joshua Reynolds,) were admirable transcripts of natural scenery, so much so, that the illustrious painter spoke of them with great admiration, as captivating for their pictorial amenities, and pronounced the process as something entirely new.

The process as before observed is simple in the extreme. Mr. Payne invented a grey tint, composed of Prussian-blue, lake, and yellow ochre, which is to be had at Newman's, Ackermann's, or Rowney's, in a cake ready for use, a tint which works freely, and unites kindly with every other tint, or colour.

With this grey the whole of the middle part of the landscape or other composition is to be put in with its various gradations; and with the addition of indigo, or other blue, and a small portion of crimson lake, the extreme distance is to be laid. The clouds and sky tints compounded of the same.

For the foreground shadowing, Indian ink, or lamp black is used, mixed with a small portion of the grey, where the foreground and middle ground unite.

In the application of the black for the parts composing the immediate foreground, the light trees and branches that hang loosely from rocks, or great stones, the rocks and stones themselves, and the various objects, as stumps, and roots of trees, &c. which judiciously introduced, contribute to enrich the nearest parts of the scene; these are laid in with the black extremely dark, and determined in form and character, in some parts softened, but generally leaving the paper sharp, and clear, that the tinting when laid on, may appear bright and sparkling.

It should be observed, that the ingenious inventor of this style contrived to use the painting-brush for the foreground, in a way that he termed *dragging*, namely, on its side, which dextrously applied, left a number of accidental lights, very useful and characteristic of pebbles on the sea shore, or for a gravelled road, and particularly effective in producing the roughness on the surface of rocks, or the texture of the bark of trees.

The composition being thus prepared, namely, in an effective state of vigorous light and shadow, so much so indeed, as to need no retouching, the next operation is to wash over each division with the colours.

For the warm tint in the sky towards the horizon, gambouge and light



red, yellower or redder at discretion, with an occasional addition of crimson-lake; the same glowing tint to be washed over the distance, whether mountains, woods, or water.

For the middle ground, the verdant parts, as woods, separate trees, bushes, or fields, with a green composed of gambouge, sap green, and burnt sienna, of various hues, warm or cool, as required.

The rocks and stones, the banks of sand and gravel, and other objects not vegetable, with a tint composed of yellow-ochre, or gambouge, and burnt sienna. As the scenery approaches the foreground, by retouching, or deepening the parts with these same colours, the more remote parts are made to recede in aerial tint, as in nature; and the foreground by the same operation appears to be nearer the eye, in due proportion to their respective stations in the picture.

The whole being carefully tinted, by a judicious washing and blending, which must be done by passing lightly over the whole with a painting brush moderately saturated with pure water, the drawing is then ready for the finishing touches. This last operation is performed by taking advantage of those accidents and lights which the drag of the brush has left, and by undertouching and adding spirit to the shadows with Cologne-earth, or Vandyck-brown, separately, or mixed with the other tints as may be necessary; and by this simple process, in proportion to the taste and judgment of the operator, will the drawing be valuable as a work of art.

This may be justly said of the process;—that, applied by the amateur who is an adept at execution, and imbued with a taste for design, very delightful drawings may be wrought thereby. The style of Payne, indeed, is so eminently calculated for producing effect with facility, that it is peculiarly suited to the amateur who practises landscape drawing merely for amusement.

John Glover, whose celebrity for several years rendered his style no less fashionable than that of his predecessor and prototype, Payne, improved upon this new process to so great an extent, as to entirely supersede the practice of the inventor, and almost to make the style his own.

Payne had one faculty to a very extraordinary degree, namely, that of manual dexterity; for his touch was free, flowing, and masterly, even to a superabundant degree: his hand, indeed, outstripped his taste.

In the works of Glover it was entirely the reverse; his hand was the most deficient of any that we could name belonging to a painter of genius.

Glover's style, notwithstanding the obvious deficiency of his hand, yet, directed by his rich perception, and extraordinary eye for general effect, enabled him to produce representations of landscape and topographical and marine scenery, which, seen at the proper distance, surpassed, in aerial perspective and day-light, every species of landscape art that perhaps ever has been produced; so much so, indeed, that if the term *magical*, which enthusiasts are apt to utter on beholding a striking picture, might be tolerated by sober judgment, its application could not be more properly bestowed than on the brilliant productions of his extraordinary, though certainly eccentric, pencil.

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OR OBSERVATIONS ON TASTE, BY A WANDERING ARTIST.

It has always appeared to me, that we lose much valuable time by hurrying over distant countries in search of that information which our own neighbourhood would afford; and what aggravates the misfortune is, that we usually run over the very same road that thousands have travelled before in every possible way, and never consider that the people we meet with at the inns, or in the coffee-houses, or other places of amusement, are by this time prepared for us; that frequent intercourse with us has worn down, in some degree, or distorted those peculiarities of feeling which we hope to pick up in our hasty survey: as well might we look for choice fruit in a garden that has been plundered by school-boys.\*

A friend of mine, who falls in with my view on this subject, informed me that there are several manufactories of plaster figures in the neighbourhood of Saffron-hill, which he was inclined to visit if I would accompany him: he also told me that these colonies of Italians are of themselves curiosities worth our notice; that they constitute little societies that may be compared to a limited monarchy, where the chief is the sole proprietor, holding a perfect monopoly of all the

\* A superficial traveller might form his opinion of the French from what he had observed in Calais, Boulogne, or Dieppe; he would be equally incorrect if he took it for granted that the peasantry of the Netherlands speak French because the rich usually do so in the principal towns. The population and industry of Lucca would be very delusive ground whereon to build a statistical account of the other states of Italy.

commerce, industry, and capital in the community; the duration of his authority being usually for three or four years. I need not say that the proposal was too tempting to allow a doubt or admit of delay; so off we started, and having inquired of a publican in Turnmill-street, he informed us there was one that occupied the upper part of his house and the next: hereupon mine host twice bawled out the name of Luca; the answer, if answer there were, was drowned by the clattering of a boy's hob-nailed shoes as he shuffled down the narrow, dark stairs: he good-naturedly offered to take us to his master, and we began to grope up after our guide. Once landed within the precincts of Maestro Constantini's sway, we looked around at the bulky moulds that cumbered the floor, and the sacks of plaster that loaded every shelf or corner that could admit them. A thick layer of plaster and soot covered every object around us, not unlike the roofs of houses a week after snow in London; it prevented us from instantly shaking off the giddiness brought on by our dreary and dark ascent: but ere long the voice of the individual we were seeking brought us to our recollection.

I eyed him for a moment with deep interest, not surprise: his black eye shone with intelligence from under a thick jet brow; the hollow orbit, the contracted nostril, the yellow tinged white of the eye-ball, seemed in unison with the flush on his care-worn cheek: he was about fifty, rather tall and slim; the familiar good nature of his greeting, and the hasty loquacity of his speech formed a marked contrast to his slow step, and the air of command which never forsook him: still I concluded that a kind heart, with amazing acuteness, were the principal characteristics of the man before me. He explained the particulars of his occupation with a cheerful but inconsistent display of simplicity and importance, using indifferently the terms Art and Commerce. My friend observed this to him, and drew from him the following explanation.

"Gentlemen, I have never been able to distinguish any great difference between the Arts and Commerce; in England you often say, that Commerce is opposed to the Fine Arts: but I should like to know how the Arts would thrive in my house, if my lads did not find customers abroad. Some of us have visited every country in the world: I have myself been in Turkey, in Germany, and Poland. In Germany they have great fairs, and much industry; not like in England, but very great, particularly in Saxony and Prussia; and there they have many artists and men of taste: in Poland they are too poor to encourage either; so that I found the people

much more eager to purchase cast-off rags, that the Jews procure from Germany and France, than my plaster casts. As for Turkey, that is a fine country, that might encourage the Arts; but the rich are all Mahometans, and of course do not spend their money on images, and the Greeks and the Armenians are mostly too poor; although unlike the peasants of Poland, they willingly spend the few paras they can spare on pictures of the Holy Virgin, for they do nothing without consulting the Panagia, in which they not only place implicit faith in religious matters, but even depend on her care for the success of every worldly undertaking, consulting their patroness as an English farmer does his barometer. Slaves will rather pray for a good harvest, than obtain it by dint of toil and anxiety, as they do in my country. Many would say, that must be a happy country where corn will grow by praying for, and where figures of the Virgin Mary (pointing to one in a corner) are articles of absolute necessity, since bread itself depends on the supply; and I really believe, gentlemen, that those people are so bigotted that if the whole of the images were taken from them, they would, from despair, or carelessness, or something or other, manage to spoil the crops in getting them in."

My friend enquired how the Greek peasantry could pay their devotions to such representations of their protectress as he had pointed to; they who were accustomed to the noble specimens of Art left by their ancestors. Could any one who daily sees even the fragments of Art, that foreign as well as despotic spoliation have still left among them,—can they, breathing the same air, living under the same sun as Phidias or Lysippus, of Protogenes or Apelles? It cannot be credited that such men can admire and bend the knee to so graceless a thing—the very dullest specimen of a figure, I verily believe, in all your store. Constantini, whose hectic flush had once or twice flickered towards the close of my friend's remarks, added, with as much emphasis as an inspired prophet, "that he had seen much more, aye, much more, than an Englishman, who never opened his eyes wide till there was something extraordinary to look at, could believe. In his own country, as well as in Greece, he had witnessed the good people praising the Virgin Mary, when dressed up in fine clothes, much more than they would admire the Venus, the Apollo, or any antique whatever: for his part, though he had some devotion in him, in spite of his travels and all that he had seen, he was of a different opinion; but we must consider that all are not artists (this was said with a kind of congratulatory bow, which implied his willingness to admit us to the honour attached to the epithet): but, after all, he knew

no people so blind to the merits of the Fine Arts as the Greeks: they would constantly, day and night, burn a taper before the ugliest daub that can be imagined; but if you offer them a statue by Michel Angelo, or by any other great artist, they will be ready to devour you. Oh, no! that is not the country where a clever man can make an honest livelihood: although they take so much interest in a painting, they abhor sculpture, and even pictures they care not for, unless they are the contemptible works of the monks, who make them all as much alike as mountain rats: in fact, gentlemen, the Turks will not buy any images whatever, and the Greeks will have none that do not come from the workshop of the convent; and why are they so very bad? Because it is all the same to them, if the people will not have better from us."

"That is," I observed, "the Turk keeps the Arts down by prohibition, and the Greek encourages trash through monopoly. I also perceive, from your conversation, that it is as useless to expect the Fine Arts to flourish, where the puny efforts of an ignorant recluse are considered sufficient excellence, as to look for the best writers among men who think it impossible to equal the Koran. But do you not think it would be very different in a country where government encouraged the Arts, by supplying gratuitous schools, by honours and rewards, and by giving large sums for the best productions?"

My informant had travelled to too good a purpose to be dazzled by fine expressions. He smiled, and shook his head. "A rich country may begin such a system," he rejoined; "but what must it come to, if it could be kept up. Don't you perceive that all would soon be artists? Who would endure the vicissitudes of the seasons, hunger, anxiety, and disappointment, if they could obtain fortune and honour by following the Arts? And all for nothing. Why the next thing would be for this nation of artists to give up all their money, aye, and perhaps to confer particular honours on any body who would cultivate the fields for them; or, what is quite as bad, they would be obliged to send all the coin out of the country for corn; and by the time they were brought to their senses, and had learned that the Arts depend on commerce and manufactures; that they do not constitute the wealth of the country, but only serve to civilize and instruct the people in proportion to their wealth; when necessity had taught them all this and much more, there would be no money for the Arts, and those who possessed talent would run after the money into other countries, where commerce and the Arts had been suffered to shift for themselves."

"But pray, Mr. Constantini, what were your remarks on the trade

and luxuries of the capital of Turkey, for you appear to have remained some time in that part of the world, although you describe it as averse to your art?" "Why sir, I was very fortunate, Mr. Franco, who was attached to one of the embassies, was a man of great science, and he made a collection of all sorts of curiosities, and those which he could not keep, he employed me to cast—such as fruits and leaves, several animals, and sometimes coins, which were lent to him I suppose; I spent many months in his house, where I learned many things, which I could not know by myself. Constantinople is, as you know, a very large and beautiful town, and very commercial, its situation making it so convenient for both Asia and Europe. The houses have indeed but little furniture; but then as they are mostly built of wood, and are every now and then consumed by fire, there is plenty of employment for the upholsterers. Oh, if they would but decorate their apartments with pictures and sculpture, how would the Arts thrive then! for you know there would be very little portrait painting, since nothing on earth could prevail on them to allow an artist a glimpse of their princesses. I have often thought that jealousy was the great obstacle to the Fine Arts among the Mahometans, for they are fond enough of luxury in any other way, witness their beautiful cashmere turbans, the splendid caparison of the horses, or the gold and silver hilts of their swords and pistols. They are indeed an extraordinary people; but I have not time to relate all the strange things I have witnessed amongst them."

Thinking we had sufficiently trespassed on the good man's time, we hastily concluded a bargain for a few of his best casts, and having requested him to see them brought home himself, took our leave, well satisfied with our morning's excursion.—F.

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#### NECROLOGY.—MEMOIR OF AUGUSTUS PUGIN.

THE necrology for the year which has just elapsed will, in addition to two names super-eminent above all the rest, supply future biographical works, with those of many other individuals who merit honourable mention. Among this latter class a highly respectable, if not particularly prominent situation, must be assigned to the subject of the present memoir; for, although even superior talent can obtain but a comparatively limited reputation, in that particular sphere of art in which he distinguished himself, since his works were in no respect calculated to attract the notice of the million, they earned for him a meed far better than that of mere popularity, often of very questionable worth, still



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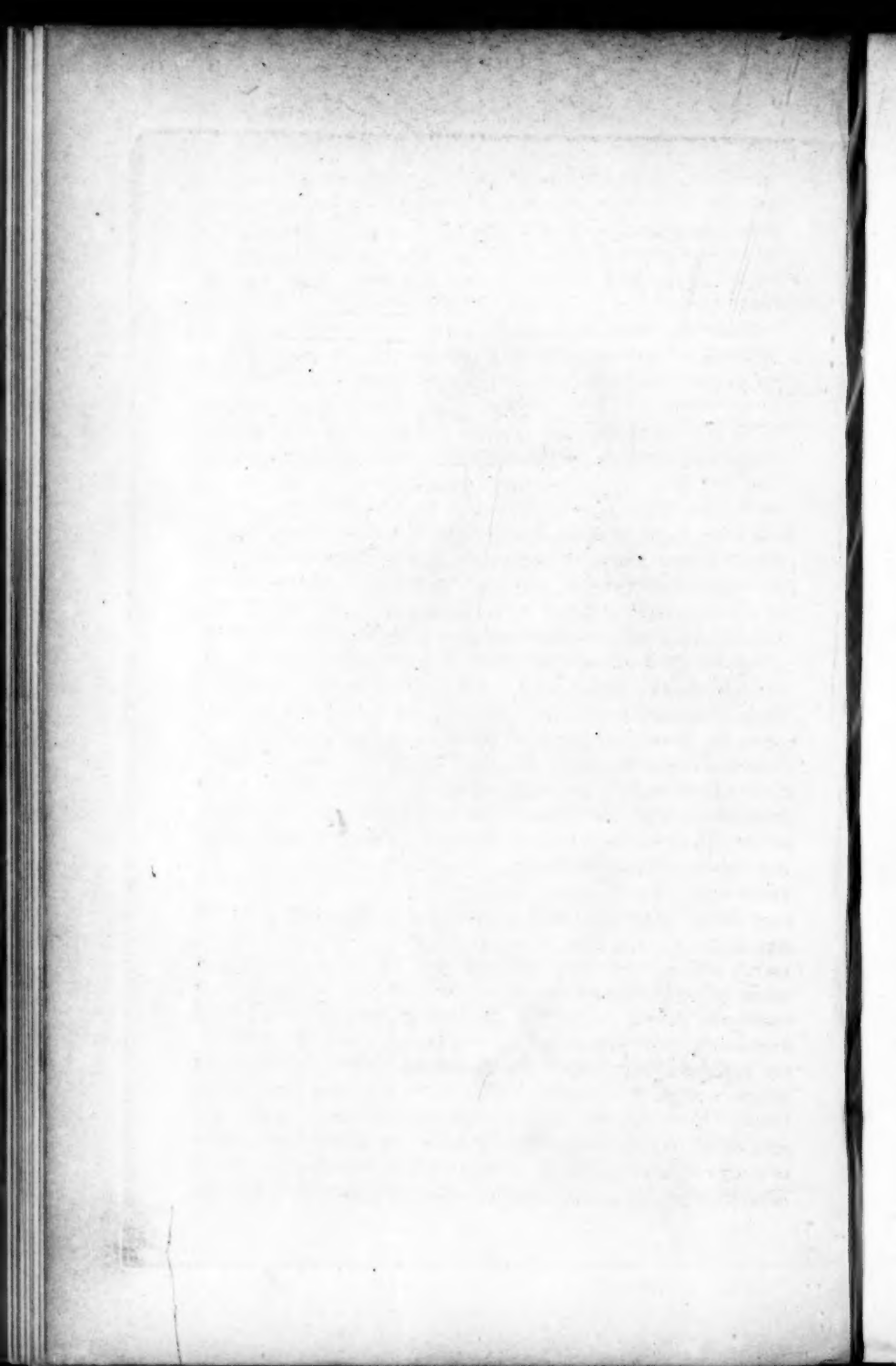


J. Green pinx.

E. Scriven sc.

*Aug<sup>s</sup> Pugin*

Library of the Fine Arts 1853.



oftener most fugacious in itself; the entire approbation of those who could best appreciate their worth. In Augustus Pugin his profession has sustained a real loss, for his labours contributed, in an unprecedented degree, both to facilitate the study, and to diffuse a sounder knowledge of that most beautiful and copious style of architecture, designated Gothic.

Although a native of France, where he was born about the year 1769, Mr. Pugin passed by far the greater portion of his life in this country, and may certainly be considered as an English artist. On the subject of his origin, or his earlier studies, we are unable to communicate any positive information, even were it material in itself, except that he was of respectable family, as may be inferred from his having been obliged to seek an asylum in England, from the overwhelming storm of the Revolution. His talents now proved a fortunate resource, for, shortly after his arrival, he obtained a situation in the office of Mr. Nash, and with that gentleman, whose confidence and regard he secured as well by his general conduct, as by his services, he continued for seventeen years. After this, he followed the art in a more general way, and for a while practised painting; and many of the sketches he produced were in a bold expressive style, bearing, as we are assured by one who was well acquainted with him, a considerable resemblance to those of Bonington. There is some reason to conclude, therefore, that had he chosen to prosecute his labours with the palette, he might have become eminent in a very different sphere of art; while opportunities for advancing himself would hardly have been wanting, since his agreeable manners and address readily obtained for him admission into superior society; among those who noticed and patronized him at this period, was the Earl of Essex, and his visits to his lordship's seat at Cashiobury, were not unfrequent.

Whatever may have been the circumstances that afterwards led Pugin into pursuits of a different nature, they are hardly to be regretted for their ultimate result, since they prepared the way for his after reputation. Indeed, even after he had begun to turn his attention exclusively to architectural drawing in a way calculated to bring him before the public, many years were yet to elapse before he actually distinguished himself. At the time to which we are now alluding, he was engaged by Mr. Ackermann to make many of the drawings for his *Microcosm of London*, and subsequently for those more tastefully and splendidly executed works, the *Histories of Westminster Abbey*, *Oxford* and *Cambridge*. In the views he executed for these publications, Mr. Pugin undoubtedly showed himself to be an able

architectural draughtsman, sufficiently accurate and tasteful; yet they were not marked by any of those superior qualities which elevate the labours of the draughtsman to a high rank as productions of the pencil, while at the same time they were of a nature which afforded little scope for the display of the more recondite beauties of architecture. The meridian of life was arrived,—by far the greater part of his existence had already passed, yet was nothing achieved that could hold forth a promise of permanent distinction, or secure for him more than a second-rate grade in the walk of art, where the foremost places were occupied by others.

It is a rare occurrence that a fresh path is pointed out to the matured mind, which if it have not already devoted its energies to any particular pursuit, is generally doomed to the pangs of neglect and poverty at that time when the tide of fortune is supposed to ebb and the last faint hope has vanished. Pugin, however, with freshened powers, entered upon a new career of art, and signalized himself by projecting and successfully prosecuting that which, obvious as it may now appear, no one else had previously undertaken.

In 1821, his work of *Gothic Specimens*\* made its appearance, thereby forming an epoch, both in the life of the author and in the study of that branch of art it was so well calculated to promote. Yet although this production was, in itself, of a very different character from those on which his pencil had hitherto been employed, it was, undoubtedly, the fruit of his previous pursuits, and showed that while so engaged he had directed his attention to deeper studies than those of the mere pictorial draughtsman.

Truly delightful as are perspective views, when given with that feeling, energy, and sentiment, without which the most industrious and pains-taking must ever fall short of the truth;—when represented by the pencil of a Mackenzie, a Wild, or a Cattermole, they can never perfectly satisfy the architect. The greater their merit—the more captivating their charms, the more tantalizing do they become in themselves; since our eagerness for more complete information as to all the various beauties of whose existence we are thus made sensible, is proportionably increased. In some few instances such information and assistance had been supplied, though both partially and imperfectly, by

\* Although it would be inconvenient in our text, we add the entire title here: "*Specimens of Gothic Architecture, selected from various Ancient Edifices in England; consisting of Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Parts at large, calculated to exemplify the various styles of this class of Architecture.*" London, 1821-3, 100 plates.

an occasional elevation or section, yet even these, accurate as they might appear as far as they professed to go, would not always bear to be very exactly scrutinized; added to which, they were, for the most part, on a very inadequate scale. Still very much more was requisite in order to supply the architect with really useful documents, and also to bring together different specimens of nearly all the principal features that occur in this style. The value of such a work was instantly recognized, and it was universally allowed to be one of exceedingly great utility to the profession, and equally delightful to the amateur; placing before his eyes, for leisurely inspection and admiration, those beauties which very few, even supposing them to have visited the buildings themselves, have had opportunities of diligently observing. Neither should it be forgotten that studies of this description train the eye to exact and patient observation, thereby enabling us to see far more than we otherwise should, and consequently give a far keener relish for such pursuits.

Unfortunately, however great their merit, architectural works hardly obtain any notice at all from reviewers, not even from those who profess to be oracles in matters of art and taste, as well as in literature. So much the more honourable, then, for Mr. Pugin, were the commendations his work elicited from one of the very first of our literary journals, in an article evidently proceeding from a writer whose favourable opinion was no ordinary compliment. It has been justly remarked, too, that he has performed for gothic architecture services similar to those which Stuart and his fellow-labourers effected for that of Greece; and if not so completely, it is because the inexhaustible copiousness of the former, is such as to make us absolutely despair of there ever being any single work which shall unite in a single collection, not literally every one, but all the principal specimens and authorities recommended either by their intrinsic beauty or their singularity. If, again, the abundance of materials thus offered to his choice was such as almost to render all search superfluous, it tended to make arrangement and selection a more embarrassing task; while it is equally undeniable that the more complex, and frequently exceedingly intricate forms of the members themselves, and not seldom the extreme difficulty, owing to the situations in which they occur, of ascertaining all the minutiae of their details, materially enhance the actual labour of such an undertaking, although it is not altogether so formidable to the imagination as one which imposes all the inconveniencies and dangers of lengthened travel through semi-barbarous countries. In making this observation we would by no means be thought to undervalue the

important services of those to whom we are indebted for our acquaintance with genuine Grecian architecture; we are merely anxious that the difficulties attending the other task should not be too lightly rated.

Shortly after the completion of this work, Mr. Pugin commenced his "*Antiquities of Normandy*," a series of most exquisite drawings, as delightfully engraved by J. Le Keux, to whom the admirers of architecture are under no small obligations for the superior spirit and taste with which he has treated such subjects. This collection, which contains many exceedingly rich and beautiful examples of a style in many respects quite dissimilar to any thing to be met with in England, and which might, nevertheless, occasionally be very happily applied in this country, where it certainly would, at all events, not be more exotic than the *mode*—for style we cannot call it, known by the name of Louis Quatorze,—added materially and most deservedly to Mr. Pugin's reputation. Would we could say that the satisfaction derived to him from the reception it met with from all competent judges, and indeed from all who have relish either for antiquarian or architectural pursuits, was perfectly free from all alloy, undiminished by any drawback. Most unluckily, however, although considered as a production of art, it was, independently of the engraver's share in it, solely his own, as a speculation it was shared by others. Harassed by the conduct of his literary colleague, rather than longer submit to the annoyances to which it exposed him, Pugin resolved to emancipate himself from the trammels by which he found himself surrounded, by disposing of his interest in it. Nor was this the only occasion on which he had to regret that any connection had existed between them, for a nearly similar termination attended the publication of the "*Edifices of London*," which work was completed not very long after the preceding one. The consequence has been that the property in both has since passed into entirely different hands, and is now greatly depreciated in the market.

Although by no means to be compared with any of his works relating to Gothic architecture, "*the Edifices*" was a very interesting and useful work.

Aware that, satisfactory as it might be, as far as it actually went, his first mentioned work on Gothic architecture was comparatively a mere vestibule to the study of that style, Mr. Pugin now commenced one that should serve as a companion to it, under the title of "*Gothic Examples*." This series, although less systematic, being rather a miscellaneous collection, affords far more complete and finished lessons, and while it may be said to exhibit for the first time several structures, which,



admirable as they are in themselves, had either been altogether neglected, or most imperfectly represented, will prove an authentic and most satisfactory record of some which are fast disappearing. Many of them were at the time in so ruinous a condition, that it must have cost the artist no ordinary labour or study, to make out many parts from the merest indications. Most fortunate is it for the admirers of this fascinating style, that, gifted with persevering zeal and unwearied diligence, no less than with ardent enthusiasm, Pugin clothed anew those mouldered relics, with all their pristine beauty, preserving them for us, as so many models of exquisite grace and the most delightful combinations. How much we are indebted to him in this respect, may be judged from a separate volume of 'Views,' representing many of the buildings so beautifully elucidated and restored in the 'Examples,' in their actual degraded state. One particular merit of this work is, that instead of being almost exclusively confined to illustrations of ecclesiastical architecture, the majority of the subjects present us with admirable models and studies for a domestic style, at once suitable in its character, and abounding with beauty in itself. Of this work, so incontestably superior to its predecessor, as since to have somewhat obscured the fame then exclusively enjoyed by it,—only one volume is completed, with descriptive and historical letter-press, by E. J. Willson, Esq. who is himself a professional architect, and who, both here and in the "Specimens" has shown himself to be every way qualified for such a task. Of the second volume, only two parts have as yet appeared, the publication of the following one being delayed by the ill health, we should say, the last illness of the author, since his previously enfeebled state, and severe suffering almost throughout the summer and autumn, did not deter him from prosecuting his labours. To his very anxiety, perhaps, to keep his faith with his subscribers, the serious aspect his malady gradually assumed, may in some measure be ascribed, for a moderate relaxation from business in an earlier stage of the disease might have prolonged his valuable life, instead of which he continued at his post until his physical powers were utterly exhausted. While we sincerely regret his loss, both as an artist and as a man, it is some consolation to be assured that, conformably with his express directions in his will, the "Examples" will be completed under the direction of his son, from sketches prepared during his life; and that the drawings will be made by two of his late pupils. While this work was in progress, Mr. Pugin published, besides the "Views" we have above mentioned, a collection of Gothic ornaments, taken from a variety of buildings in England; and in conjunction with it, a series of

“Ornamental timber gables.” Inferior as these works are to those of which we have been speaking, they are exceedingly useful in themselves, and possess considerable merit, if considered merely as drawings, boldly and vigorously touched. Neither should we omit to mention that he made the entire set of drawings, about thirty one or two, for Mr. Nash’s folio “Views of the Pavilion at Brighton;” many of which, particularly those of the banqueting room and music saloon, were most elaborately finished interiors, conveying, as far as the pencil could do so, a faithful idea of the splendour of those two gorgeous apartments.

As a practical architect he did not do much, preferring to devote himself almost entirely to a different branch of the art; he had, however, been employed in the former capacity, both by the Earl of Essex and the Marquis of Downshire. He also erected several private houses; and, with Mr. Morgan, constructed that exceedingly ingenious edifice, the Diorama, in the Regent’s Park. Much more recently, he, in conjunction with Mr. Brunel, made a variety of plans and designs for the General Cemetery Company, which were submitted to government; besides which, he took a very active part in the committee, and was, on many occasions, of eminent service to them by his judicious suggestions and advice. Alas! within how short a time afterwards was he himself to become an inmate of the tomb.

Were we superstitious, we should say that Mr. Pugin felt a presentiment of his death long before it occurred, for almost as soon as the last toll of the clock announced that 1831 was expired, he said, with a certain air of conviction, which the assumed cheerfulness of his tone could not entirely conceal, that he should never witness the expiration of the year. Too fatally has that ominous speech been verified, for he breathed his last but a very few days before the return of the period which would have falsified the seeming prediction, dying on the 19th of December, after about two months of most excruciating suffering. He was buried on the 27th, in the vault belonging to his wife’s family at Islington, and was followed to the grave by many of his friends and pupils, and by a deputation of the Society of Painters in Water-colour, of which he had been a member, and which thus testified their regard for one whose labours had formerly contributed so much to its success.

After expressing ourselves as we have already done both as to Mr. Pugin’s abilities, and the essential services he performed for that Art to which he was so fondly attached, it would be hardly necessary for us to add more here, even had we room to do so. Suffice it to say, that in all the examples he has given us, we possess the same autho-

city as in the originals themselves; for, except in regard to effect alone, nothing more than what is shown, is to be elicited from them, even by the most patient investigation. He has opened a new path, which others may now pursue, they may go on accumulating and adding to the stores he has already treasured up. Some of his successors may probably rival—to surpass him is hardly possible. If, as an artist, he earned the admiration of the intelligent, as a man, he won the esteem and affection of all who had any intercourse with him—at least, of all whose regard was worth possessing,—whose friendship would not have been reproach. Merely to say that he was a man of the strictest integrity would be cold, even chilling praise, when speaking of one who was so uniformly actuated by the most delicate and scrupulous feelings of a gentleman and a man of honour, as was AUGUSTUS PUGIN.

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#### DRAMATIC EFFECTS.

PANTOMIMES have returned with a new year to greet “the indulgent public,” and to excite the laughing sympathies of beings fresh from the delights of a *breaking-up*—Alas! in after years a sound of graver import, and which we who labour in a thankless vocation can duly appreciate. . . Momus reigns supreme, and he boasts not in the whole realm of comicality an absurdity more palpable than that which emanates from the rigid convolutions of a *judgmatical* brain in its attempts at analysing the propriety of nonsense. We believe pantomime really means pantomime, and stick as closely to our bond as Shylock, exacting no more. We do not believe that they are quite equal to tragedies, yet a tragedy that makes you laugh (and there are many), is as bad as a pantomime that makes you cry—therefore, it is the appropriateness of each that constitutes its excellence, and it is the province of the latter to concentrate the veriest impossibilities and most flagrant jocosity in the Christmas medley, and, with the true spirit of the original *pulcinello*, to hold up to assembled audiences a satirical picture of the various follies which they, as part of the public, have sanctioned; and, in the spirit of the old fable, to extract a confession of weakness from each stick, which the compact bundle would refuse to yield. Pantomimes are purely English; and, although the principal personages were rocked in an Italian cradle, the bona fide Christmas budget, with its splendid scenery, its ingenious tricks, and its hair-

breadth 'scapes of leaping, twisting, and kicking, with the other legal inflictions, is the offspring of this humorous land. We measure its stature by a pigmy standard, and pronounce it of full proportion: it is the legitimate drama of the youthful mind, at that period when to hold the mirror up to Nature would be to present the reflection of that which must be to it but an illusion.

We formerly could watch with delight the never-tiring anticipations of our Lilliputian critics, as to the overpowering splendour of the Christmas pantomime, and the drollery of its liege lord—the clown: tinsel and grimace then owned a sovereign sway, dispelling the scholastic recollections of hard words and hard blows, in the delight of imagining others beaten for *our* money. The cravings of juvenility have sunk in satiety, and the pollution of the sacred remainder of the year, by the refuse of Christmas splendour, has blunted that appetite which it was our duty and pleasure to satisfy. Pantomime was formerly a splendid monster—a gorgeous anomaly, recognized by the slumbering judgments of the mature in favour of the awakening fancies of the young; but the dream is o'er—"toujours perdrix," solves the enigma why we actually yawn at this idol of former years, and why our childish friends no longer wonder at our gravity. We might, as is usual with critics, turn to Grimaldi, and apostrophize his shade; but as man will die—diplomatist or buffoon—it is the extremity of bathos to sing the lachrymose air of "such things were," to a one-stringed lyre. It is then, to the perpetual excitement aimed at by managers, in the most irrational of all the drama's spurious offspring, that we are to attribute the apathy which we now behold, when even "Farley's latest" appears "flat, stale, and unprofitable." We do not actually mean to say that pantomimes have lost all their interest, or that they are really so sunk in public esteem as to cause empty houses; but we are endeavouring to point out the evil of having prolonged the season of *spectacle* beyond the legal and judicious limits. Who would quaff the Pierian spring, if it were an every-day parish pump? Who would wonder at the beauty of the crown, if he were obliged to wear it always? It was the happy contrast to the sober beauty of the intellectual drama that shed lustre on pantomime; but when "properties and decorations" usurped humour and sentiment, the spell of Christmas was dissolved; it was no longer "once in a way," but a constant livery of tarnished finery—a perpetual comet! The Oasis of the schoolboy's mind has extended its verdure to the surrounding waste, and the deep green of the once refreshing spot has dwindled into insignificance by the fatal extension. We loved splen-

dour as a New Year's garb, but we scorn it as an every day suit; yet, without further Catonics, we must proceed to our task. "Puss in Boots, or Harlequin and the Miller's Son," is Farley's groundwork, and inimitable Mother Bunch, with her mine of wonders, is laid under contribution to give interest to the feline race. Our veneration for this respectable parent of our early imaginings, would render it impossible to hiss a pantomime drawn from her store; not that we deem the present one worthy of such a *serpentine* display, for it is probably quite equal to its predecessors; but, on our editorial honour, we are unequal to the task of nicely balancing the merits of pantomimes—a power we leave to some of our ingenious contemporaries, who doubtless can recall the most trifling characteristics of former harlequinades with delightful complacency.

The scenery is in general good, and, as is usual, there is no want of moonlight—a staple commodity in the theatrical painting room. The Exterior of Nobody Hall is, with the exception of a fatal intersecting line, a very creditable specimen of the aforesaid staple commodity. It is a great pity that we cannot be favoured, as in Columbia, with the real thing, where, from the glorious certainty of the climate, the chaste Diana makes her *bow* to a South American audience, and the *true* blue saves the expanse of canvass. However, let us console ourselves with the flattering idea of the triumph of Art, and the convenience of a sky that will obey the imperious "higher" of the vociferous orange-peeling gods.

Tibbytight, the hero of the tale (as well as tail), is represented by Master William Mitchinson, a most untheatrical name—(a very bugbear to the call-boy)—belonging to by no means an untheatrical personage, for really Master W. M. is a very nice, lively little animal, who is always on the alert, whether to catch an ogre or his own tail. But the wonders of the pantomime (and the greatest is, their existence in this enlight—fie!—moralizing again!); their wonders we dismiss, and proceed at once to the field of our operations. "The grand moving Panorama, representing a trip to Antwerp." For the lovers of nautical beauty, it is doubtless a source of infinite delight, to see "the wooden walls," in all possible positions, knocking about to the air of Rule Britannia (having *to pay the piper*, is a drawback with some to any tune); but really, to landsmen, there is nothing like the land. One view of Venice is worth a hundred *seas*. There is nothing matter of fact about the sea, and we are a matter of fact people, not content with possibilities, but sticking as close to certainties as our mortal natures will allow us. After a tedious passage, in which we behold, even *His*

*Majesty's ships*, tossed about by disrespectful Neptune, as if they belonged *only* to a nation, we arrive at the seat of kingly hostilities, just "as it appeared on the springing of the mine at Lunette St. Laurent, and the burning of the barracks." We behold the Cathedral (which is not to be mistaken) it is true, and a large red patch beyond it, but were somewhat disappointed in our sanguinary expectations of a more "full and particular account" of this diplomatic speculation—this royal bonfire. The whole is, however, very creditable to the artists employed; and, as all do not suffer from imperfections as much as ourselves, there is much to delight in this rational part of the pantomime. The first and last scenes, although light enough to dazzle, were, we have no doubt, weighty to the magicians of the brush. "The brilliant reception of the New Comic Pantomime, and the unprecedented effects of Mr. Stanfield's grand Diorama," would not, of course, allow us to sleep at our post, and we waived our known gravity by a visit to "Harlequin Traveller, or the World Inside Out," a pantomime of no ordinary merit. It opens with a sort of astronomical lecture, relieved by a few *star-ing* puns; and after turning over the whole celestial globe, we come to this tit bit earth of ours, which very conveniently opens its rotund sides to let out its four quarters, which have agreed to meet on a table land (ejected from the earth), for the purpose of indulging in the delicacies of what the Bill jocosely calls "quarter day." The *male* Britannia and little Britain were not bad hits. The whole of the characters were dressed in so admirable a style (making allowance for caricature), that we regretted, with a sigh, that a pantomime should elicit more ingenuity and research than the most brilliant specimens of the refined drama. "London, from Greenwich Park," was cleverly painted; but the trees in the foreground wanted richness—they appeared in a cast-off autumnal suit. Aleppo and Cape Town were both worthy of Stanfield's pencil; but we must proceed at once to the "Falls of Niagara," which, although not to be compared with his former splendid dioramas, was, nevertheless, a masterly production. The opening view of Buffalo was beautiful; the next—moonlight again—however, 'tis Stanfield's; and if any man can make an Endymion of us, it is he. We are then led to the Horseshoe Fall, which is very nicely painted; and afterwards to the Great Falls,—but how great a fall was there; it was in vain that the painter had lavished his utmost art upon the mimic flood, if the machinist was to mar his effort with such a pitiful, pea-shooter stream of white powder, issuing in a contrary sense to the real Fall, to the noise of the indefatigable roaring wheel. Above this sprinkling we traced some of Stanfield's



beautiful touch ; but we felt grieved at such a termination, especially as we had formerly beheld a capital fall of real water. Our not being able to compliment Mr. Stanfield this year, is a higher compliment than we are often called upon to pay. We are also happy to be able to contradict the reports of the sapient journals as to Mr. Stanfield's retirement from the theatrical painting room. The rumours of the displeasure of the Academy at such a pursuit by one of their body, are as unfounded as ridiculous. The splendid productions of the new A. R. A. instil more love for art than a hundred mottled exhibitions, where the bad may (as it generally does) attract the ignorant ; whereas, in the dramatic exhibition room the uninitiated eye is lured into a knowledge of what is good, by the display of masterpieces. We congratulate Mr. Stanfield on his merited dignity.

We must not, in our scrutiny of the artistic department, omit to notice the most extraordinary powers of a Mr. Green, who, as a posture master, is unrivalled. He reminded us of the courtier's response, 'that if it were possible, it was already done, and if impossible, it should be shortly done. We can fancy the College of Surgeons posed by this individual, for he seemed to set at nought all received laws for the action of the body. It was in truth so repugnant to our feelings—nourished by the Apollo and the Gladiator, that we viewed it with unmixed disgust. The beauty of the human form degraded in the human esteem is no fit subject for mirth—accidental deformity is to be lamented, but the pollution of man's majestic form, as a source of delight, is to be censured and repressed—it is degrading if not depraved. We should be wrapt in astonishment and delight at the manly vigour of Achilles or Ajax, but feel humbled at the sight of Mr. Green—to go to the extent of authorized powers is worthy of a dignified being, but to seek for feats of daring and strength, which increase in favour with the unthinking many in proportion as they appear improbable, is at once an abuse of reason and a sort of blasphemy towards the human form. A grave friend of ours hinted at the probability of a reformed parliament, banishing pantomime from our national theatres : we really almost wish it were in the power of human legislation, to prevent people from getting *boned*, to be fit for stage tumblers. The last scene, by Franklin, is very creditable indeed : there are few scene painters who are so expert in drawing the human figure, and it is often necessarily introduced. We are happy to have this opportunity of doing justice to a very meritorious artist, and should rejoice at beholding him installed as scene painter in chief, at one of the minor theatres.

The Adelphi has three pantomimes in one, for Yates is no niggardly caterer, and has furnished much more for the Christmas feast than his guests can digest. "Harlequin and the king of clubs, or the Knave that stole the syllabubs," is the argument of this long-winded epic. It is carefully got up, and abounds in bone-breaking, muscle-twisting feats. The harlequin, the two clowns, and pantaloons, form a quartett of most dexterous attitudinarians—their feats, however, are not quite so fearful as those of Mr. Green. The first and second scenes, "the realms of night" and "the dawn," are very prettily conceived. The Adelphi stage is altogether an extraordinary one. There is scarcely elbow room, yet by excellent management the effects at this little theatre display more ingenuity than the full-sized means of its rivals.

Don Quixotte has been brought out with great care, and is likely to prove attractive.

This legitimate King of Bathos, transplanted from the parched plains of La Mancha, has condescended to go through his exploits in the tiny arena of the Adelphi, for it is himself indeed! O. Smith, who is really a fine looking person, is the most happy embodier of fearful looks, demon inclinations, and weak intellects, that could be found in England. He has so long been consigned to the charnel house, the sulphur blaze, and the blue light, that we are happy to behold him in so rational or rather so irrational a character; much credit is due to him for his excellent personification.

"Not Quixotte's breath could more make Quixotte's voice."

In action so valorously insignificant, in "the piping times of peace" so superlatively imperturbable, and then in a ball room—an excited lay-figure! we must however suggest that there is more sharpness in Cervantes' Don—he is a most acute discerner of preposterous conclusions, a summer-up of improbabilities, and an energetic foe to emblematical tyranny—the sails of the windmill to wit. The Adelphi knight is more opaque in his perception, he is a fool as much as a madman, and wants the sharp outline of his grandiloquent predecessor. O. Smith has not that intense devotion so conspicuous in the original character; were he to don this new complexion, his Quixotte would be perfect. The knight in his study is well conceived, and the effect exceedingly pictorial; although it is somewhat amusing, with the glowing distance, to hear Sancho allude to the fine moonlight; but we have already said that the theatrical moonlight is a strange thing. The *bolero* struck us as being very successful, and we have seen, be it remembered, the finest in the world, at the Spanish Opera; the wind-

mill scene was well managed, but the most beautiful was the last, with its refreshing fountain sparkling amidst coloured lights. Altogether it is well worth seeing, both for those who have and those who have not read the masterly production of Cervantes.

At the Olympic, the absurdity of pantomime has been superseded by the wit and frolic of a Mythological Burletta; a substitute that cannot fail of being acceptable to the lovers of puns and distorted classicality. "The Paphian Bower" has never yet failed to attract devotees, and under the direction of Venus Vestris, it still claims homage. We have ever considered the chain of love woven of smiles, but the links of the Olympic chain are puns, which cluster as thick as the roses on Cupid's couch. Vestris as Venus is about as badly dressed as the most squeamish stage goddess could well be. *Fait-elle la modeste?* Venus clad for an evening party, with a long white veil, shocks our received notions; it may be the Venus of the Olympic, but is not the Olympian Venus. Webster as Mars is well dressed, and looked well although we had just seen him in *Sir Caraway Comfit*, in the preceding piece; and it is no easy matter to transfer allegiance even from farce to mock heroic, and one actor in various pieces on the same evening, destroys an allusion that is sometimes beneficial, and savours too much of working a Thespian to the full amount of his salary. Oh! for the legitimate drama, when we really fancy an actor the character he represents. Munden is old Dornton, and Farren Lord Ogleby irrevocably.

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#### CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations*, Part X.—Notwithstanding our occasional touches of conscience, prompting to a word of admonition, when the sons of genius err in their thorny path, we beg most distinctly to recommend this truly national work—the scattered elements of Byron's magic, concentrated a second time by a sister art. Turner, also, is a magician; yet in spite of his spells and incantations, we find that he sometimes lays himself open to those who are "no conjurers." We are among the latter number, who seldom see more than is meant, or by the force of imagination supply the deficiencies of a work of art. We have now before us "*Corinth from the Acropolis*," and are inclined to besiege it a second time to turn the artist out of his strong hold. It is frittered away by the spots of light and shadow;

earth, air, and water have *united* at the will of the artist—we have before said that Turner is a magician! Stanfield's "Athens and the Island of Egina," is more chaste. The shape of the vignette is unpleasant, the clouds have suffered from it. His next work, "The Lido and Port St. Nicholas," is of superlative merit, and much credit is due to the engraver, J. Cousen, for having produced so exquisite a specimen of his art. The texture of the sky, buildings, and water, is given with delightful fidelity. "The Campo Santo, Pisa," by Cattermole, from a sketch by Page, has a deep, yet unaffected tone, well suited to the subject. "Lausanne," by Copley Fielding, displays an elegance and simplicity of feeling that it is difficult to preserve amidst the appeals of a meretricious age. It is somewhat veiled in gloom, an aspect under which Lausanne seldom steals across the mind—but we have no right to quarrel with the effects of a man of talent—it is even ludicrous to reproach the author of a tragedy with not having produced a comedy. We do not think that Mr. Harding has met with his usual success in "Bologna," and we always regret being obliged to withhold praise from those who in general command it as a right. The distances are not nicely observed, and the clouds are rather vague: breadth would have rendered it a beautiful production. We cannot yet venture to panegyrize the portraits that accompany this work, they are by no means equal to the landscapes.

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*Finden's Gallery of the Graces*, Part I.—Beauty accoutred at all points, and ushered into the field by a poet's lyre! Verily poetry is very convenient in this age of pretty faces; and the enraptured publisher exclaims, "Now am I doubly arm'd!" as he surveys his double seduction of painting and poetry. Without being satiated with female charms, we cannot help insinuating that in justice to the lordly sex a Book of Beauty should be formed, to get, as it were, a counter-battery of grandiose males to make the warfare of the two sexes rather more equitable. If we are at times difficult to please, we beg it may be attributed to any other cause than our want of taste—for on that one point we are inclined to be arrogant, and to assert unblushingly, that we consider ourselves very admirable judges of all that appertains to the solar system of the heart. Let us quote the poetical prose address: "It is the design of the proprietors, in this work to produce a series of sketches, exhibiting, individually, the various phases, and collectively the spirit and *morale* of female beauty." Boxall opens the gallery with one of his master-keys—sentiment, and bids us bow before one

of his fair creations, "quiet, like a nun, breathless with adoration." There is a sweet character about this head, that irradiates the sex in the mind of the beholder: a woman without mildness and devotion is the temple of Vesta without its sacred fire—it is the human face without a smile. The second, by the same artist, is not so successful, notwithstanding the poet says of her, "A thing to bless, all full of light and loveliness." Her smile savours of insipidity, and her eyes are devoid of life. In the first plate we trace high-minded simplicity and tranquil devotion; in the second an easy-minded girl, who would smile without exactly knowing why, and without caring wherefore. The first improves upon acquaintance—the second, if she win not at first sight, must be content to smile in vain. We wish, for the sake of British art, that this elegant artist would pay more attention to the basis of all other qualities—drawing. It is an ungracious task to award laurels partially formed, but we have a higher duty to perform than to study individual feeling. The third illustration is by Wright, and conveys a delicacy of sentiment, yet unaffected character, grateful to a cultivated eye. The blunted nose somewhat mars the beauty of the face, while the stiffness and want of taste in the attitude and drapery, prevent us from unreservedly eulogizing the present production of this talented artist. If we once open the chapter of drawing, we fear the English School will afford more scope for censure than would suit our feelings or pages. As far as landscape or a *bit* of a head goes, we are good, for the rest—we will wait. The merits of the poetry we leave to our contemporaries, it is sufficient to observe that Mr. Hervey's name is honorably and flatteringly connected with the Works of Art of the highest stamp. A brother poet has already enriched the regions of Art, and the name of Allan Cunningham, while it has achieved a well-earned celebrity as a connoisseur, has added to his high character as a poet.

We congratulate Mr. Tilt, the spirited publisher, on his many successful endeavours to promote the interests of the arts, and we trust that the Muses will smile on his labours, though we cannot help dreading the appearance of the second part of the gallery as it would clash terribly with our received notions of only three Graces!

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*Memorials of Oxford*, No. 3.—We experience both pleasure and pain at each succeeding number of this work—pleasure derived from its intrinsic beauty, and pain resulting from the conviction that we cannot sufficiently eulogize its merits. It were easy to exhaust the

vocabulary of praise, we could ransack our brains for fulsome panegyrics, and imitate certain of our contemporaries, who boast no commendation that can flatter even the meanest of mankind: a string of injudicious and verbose compliments, ready to apply by a slight alteration of names, to any individual and any subject, cannot be very flattering to the victim selected. Of the favour shown we need not now speak. If we do not exhaust commendation, we do not rifle the prolific realms of abuse and personality. We have no favour for friends, no spite for enemies—if we have any. The present number is even superior to the former ones. “The great quadrangle, Christ Church,” is a sparkling and finished performance: the exquisite feeling of aerial perspective so conspicuous in it, can only be appreciated by those who know its value and the difficulty of producing it. The ground is flat, the walls recede, the light plays around without affectation, and the eye travels anxiously to the distant spire; these qualities, simple as they appear, united to correctness of line and a refined taste, combine to produce a work of almost unique excellence. The staircase to the hall, Christ Church with its fretted vault and flight of noble proportions delights by its artless breadth and sober grandeur. There appears to have been no strife on the part of the artists to produce effect, yet, by the most consummate talent alone could such an effect be produced. Extraordinary detail without littleness, clearness of line without crudity, transparency of shadow, and gradations of tint in light without injury to breadth, and simplicity of effect without tameness or monotony—such are the characteristics of this unostentatious work. Fearing that our judgment might be unduly swayed by its first effect, we have inspected it in various moods, and it has conquered them all. To Messrs. Mackenzie and Le Keux, we are indebted for the pleasurable office of recording a triumph over the bad taste of the age. Long may their united efforts demand the exercise of the critic's most grateful prerogative.

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*The Byron Gallery, Part IV.*—It is a sign of the state of the arts in England, that our figure engravings are generally so inferior to our landscapes, which have attained a wonderful degree of excellence. It may be said that we should not be too rigid in our views of the productions of this age of cheapness, and that we should not exact from a work of the value of 4s. 6d. the same purity and mastery to be expected in one of a superior value. With this view then, the present number contains much to attract those who are not skilled in niceties—



to whom a hair-breadth difference is a mystery, and incorrectness of line a source of no regret. Richter's field is humour, and he must be seen in his own drawings—his large compositions are superior to his single figures. The Countess Guiccioli is evidently taken from one of those miniatures which abound in all states, yea, in all parishes. The most important plate in the book is "the Two Foscari," by S. J. E. Jones, in which there is much good historical feeling. The character of Marina is well felt, but the figure of the younger Foscari is not delicately conceived, and his leg is feebly drawn. The effect of the scene is altogether good. This is, withal, a work likely to be most acceptable on a *boudoir* table.

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*Loudon's Encyclopedia*, Part VIII.—We have only room to announce the continuation of this truly admirable work. Utility and elegance go hand in hand, and the wants of man in the earlier and later stages of civilization are elucidated by the pen and pencil of the scientific conductor and his coadjutors.

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*The Diorama of the Falls of Niagara*, at the Pantechnicon, is well worth a visit. The ideas excited by the contemplation of this stupendous eccentricity of nature are startling and improving. We never had so correct a view of the wonders of Niagara before we visited this exhibition. Without boasting the extraordinary and beautiful finish of the French Diorama, in the Regent's Park, it has nevertheless much artist-like feeling, and is, we understand, the first effort of the artist in this department, having made a trip to America expressly for the purpose of depicting its greatest "lion." The second view, with the deep shade drawn over the skylight, is very impressive. We trust the artist will meet with the encouragement he deserves, and not have to regret transplanting the gigantic Falls to this miniature country.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE School of Architecture, founded a few years since at Moscow, and now termed the Moscow Imperial Architectural School, is in a very prosperous condition; and, besides numerous privileges enjoyed by the professors and their pupils, has lately received from the Em-

peror an annual grant of 40,000 rubles. Another most useful and equally flourishing institution, in the same capital, is the public "Drawing School," established at the expense of the truly patriotic Stroganov. Although general drawing is not excluded, the chief object here is to instruct the pupils more particularly in those branches of design which apply to the mechanical arts and manufactures, rather than to the Fine Arts, for which latter there are other academies. As we frequently copy and ape foreigners in many things wherein imitation is rather to be deprecated than encouraged, surely we might condescend to take a lesson, or if not a lesson, a hint from those "semi-barbarous" Russians. We do not see wherefore drawing, which is now taught merely as an accomplishment, should not be considered almost as much a part of general education as writing. The only thing that militates against such a plan, is, that prejudice and custom are not for it.

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While Catherine the Second was anxious to secure the services of the late James Wyatt, in consequence of the celebrity he had just then obtained by the "Pantheon," Russia possessed a native architect, who, had he been as warmly seconded by imperial favour as his genius merited, would have left behind him monuments of architectural magnificence, surpassing almost every thing of the kind produced within the few last centuries. This was Vassil Ivanovitch Bashenov, who died in 1799. Catherine, indeed, was not insensible to his talents, and while he enjoyed her patronage, of which court intrigue afterwards deprived him, was employed by her to make a design for restoring, or rather rebuilding the Kremlin. The foundations for the new structure were actually laid, but the works were shortly after stopped, for either the Empress intended this scheme only as a feint to divert the attention of Europe from her military projects, or else she feared that even her resources might prove inadequate to so colossal an undertaking. Colossal it would certainly have been, for the model alone, which is still preserved in the armoury at Moscow, cost 30,000 rubles. In a Russian journal now before us, which contains an oration of several pages, delivered by Bashenov on occasion of laying the first stone of his Kremlin, a promise is held out of a detailed memoir of him:

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A colossal statue is now erecting at Novara, by the Milanese sculptor, Pompeo Marchesi, in honour of Charles Emmanuel, late king

of Sardinia. The same artist is also employed upon a statue of Alexander Volta, which is to be placed in the piazza of Como, the birth-place of that celebrated natural philosopher.

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A colossal figure of Peter Leopold is now being rough hewn in the quarries at Carrara. This immense block, far exceeding in its dimensions that of Thorwaldsen's Christ (which latter statue is about twelve feet high), will be transported by sea to the mouth of the Arno, and thence up the river to Pisa, where the artist, Luigi Pampaloni, of Florence, intends to complete his work.

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Antonio Fabris, of Udine, whose two exquisite medals of Canova and Dante have obtained for him so much repute, has just finished a second medal of the former, the reverse of which represents the church erected at Possagno by that celebrated artist.

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*Contouren aus der vorzuglichsten Gemälde, &c.*—This selection of subjects in outline furnishes interesting specimens of those two grand series of frescoes lately executed in the arcades of the *Hofgarten*, at Munich, and in the Glyptotheca of that city. Of the former of these, which consists entirely of subjects from the history of Bavaria, we have here, indeed, only two compositions, namely, "Otto the Great, receiving the fief of Bavaria from Frederick Barbarossa," by Zimmermann; and "Duke Ludwig's victory over Ottokar, King of Bohemia, at Muhlsdorff," by Sturmer. Both of these are marked by grandeur, although of a different character; the one exhibiting a scene of solemnity, the other a military encounter, where is displayed all the terrific ardour of combat. They are finely conceived, beautifully arranged, the individual groups admirable; added to which, there is an energy and simplicity in the style of design, and so much feeling and nature that we cannot but be delighted with them. The nature they exhibit is the true *nature* of Art, that resulting from lively imagination directed by patient study. Nor is it the very least of their merits that they do not offend us by those hackneyed commonplaces, or by any of that conventional, theatrical pomp, which are such sorry substitutes for the dignity of truth.

From subjects executed after Cornelius' cartoons in the Glyptotheca, seven Homeric compositions are here given, which decorate the

*Heroen-saal.* These are—the Marriage of Peleus and Thetis—the Rape of Helen—Sacrifice of Iphigenia—Venus protecting Paris from Menelaus—the Fight for the dead Body of Patroclus—the Destruction of Troy—and, Priam begging Hector's corse from Achilles. This last is particularly fine. Besides these, we have Schwanthaler's magnificent relief, representing the combat of the ships, in the 15th Iliad; which also forms one of the decorations in the same hall. We decline entering into any particulars at present, because we hope it will be in our power ere long to lay before our readers a tolerably full account of the Glyptotheca itself, for which occasion we shall reserve our descriptions of these and other works which adorn it.

There are also in this collection one or two subjects by Schnorr, among the rest one of the frescoes painted by him in the Villa Massimo, representing a scene from the Orlando Furioso, where Charlemagne goes to defend the walls of Paris:—the prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel, by Hess, in the *Allerheiligsten* chapel at Munich, and a few other plates of arabesques, &c. Well! the Germans can afford to let us sneer at the inferiority of the embellishments in their annuals, compared with those of ours. They are better employed than in manufacturing such wares. If the unpalatable truth may be spoken, Art is too much of a *trader* in this country: it has neither the democratic enthusiasm it possessed in Greece, nor that aristocratic dignity which characterised it in the days of its Juliuses and Leos.

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#### THE LETTER BOX.

SIR—The restoration of Waltham Cross having been *agitated*, and a public subscription entered into for the purpose of carrying that object into effect, the projector and his work are, I presume, legitimate subjects for public consideration.

Of the *mere* utility of such a work, the warmest friends of the undertaking cannot I think advance a syllable; while the trustees of roads might powerfully advocate its absolute removal, especially with the graduated basement shewn in Mr. Clark's restored elevation, but which is now beneath the surface of the ground.

With the matter of history too, Waltham Cross has no very immediate association (for, on this head, the monument of Eleanor, in Westminster Abbey, must take precedence).

We shall find, then, that the principal argument in favour of this re-edification, turns on its intrinsic value as a work of art, and a record of our national style at the period of the thirteenth century; points on which it will hardly be disputed, the original must possess a pre-eminence over the most faithful imitation; a consummation which those practically conversant with the subject, will deem to be attended with difficulty; for, presuming competent ability in the architect; (for which by the bye I should be accredited for somewhat of liberality, as that gentleman's researches seem for the most part to have been made in a very different direction, and having, moreover, melancholy instances in my mind's eye, of those who appeared invulnerable in the arenas of Grecian and Roman art, being shorn of their thought on entering the lists of their native style,) it will avail little if he be not seconded by artificers of a kindred feeling, certainly *rare æ aves* among our modern "craft."

With respect to material, cheapness and facility of being wrought, give to Bath stone an almost irresistible recommendation in cases of straightened finance; but this, if capable of receiving the more minute forms of the detail, would not perhaps (circumstances of climate and situation considered) exist half a century. The present structure is of a fine stone, probably from *Caen*; but our Ketton stone may be equally suited to the purpose. The difference in the cost would, however, be considerable; more than the interest taken by the public in the matter may render practicable.

A scheme then, which would gratify the desire of saving from destruction this venerable relic, and by an increased facility of access, secure it the attention and study its merits deserve, (which would be really serviceable to the cause of art,) may not be altogether unworthy of notice; and I submit whether this might not be accomplished by assigning it a place among the vestiges of "hoar Antiquity" preserved within the walls of the British Museum. T. M.

If the neighbourhood of the metropolis possessed an institution similar to that of the Monuments Français in Paris, on a sufficiently extensive scale, nothing could be more desirable. Père la Chaise itself would not stand the comparison. Ed.

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SIR.—In your last number of the Library of the Fine Arts, I perceived an article, written by a friend of that clever young man, the late H. Liversidge, wherein mention is made of my name, in such manner as might tend to injure me. The gratuitous comments which follow, being full of pomposity, and extremely illfounded.

The fact is, the picture alluded to was bought for the purpose of

engraving for Mr. Ackermann's annual, the *Forget me not*; and that gentleman followed the usual plan of publicly exhibiting the originals whence the engravings were taken. Even supposing it had been exhibited for sale, I do not see how those very absurd notions about reputation, &c. can be carried so far as to say that a picture should never be re-sold. However, I have an ample cloak to cover this heinous sin, having done or allowed nothing more than has been allowed by Messrs. Turner, Leslie, and Westall, and a host of talented men, whom it is useless for me to name. Mr. Liverseege had quite talent enough of his own, without requiring the injudicious aid of a friend, to indulge in personalities, for the purpose of giving interest to that which would otherwise be considered as mere twaddle. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

68, Warren Street, Fitzroy Square.

R. W. BUSS.

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GENTLEMEN of the profession are too fond of complaining that the public has no taste; that the arts, not being matters of necessity, are allowed to pine in obscurity; yet, when opportunities of correcting both evils occur, that false pride, which at once falls prostrate before patronage, whilst it spurns with contempt the greetings of an honest multitude, rears its head, and, with an averted glance, expresses its lamentations that a highly respectable printseller should purchase paintings for the purpose of improving public taste. Do they suppose that no good will be derived from clever works being placed in sight; or can they imagine that the national taste will improve by filling the streets with rubbish, whilst those productions which are calculated to direct the judgment, and rouse the better feelings, are excluded from our sight? For my part, if ever, by mistake, I should happen to treat an improper subject,—then, and not till then, I may lament the exhibition; but so long as I do my duty by the public, in representing scenes that tend to honour or civilize my country, I shall be thankful to those who may help to make them more known.

ARISTIDES.

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE LIBRARY OF FINE ARTS.

GENTLEMEN.—I have very little doubt that your criticisms on my remarks respecting the *Belvidere Apollo*, originated in a slight misconception of my object and intention. I have scarcely the shadow



of an objection to your critical observations. I said that "I only admire the efforts of the sculptor," and that I detested the *character* of the god which was represented as combining all the fine proportions, graces, and attitudes of the human form;—you have done the same. It is true that I hazarded a speculation as to the interest excited in the spectator's mind by the *character* of the *being* sculptured in marble. I may be wrong (for I am no artist) in saying that the statue of Aristides in Naples was equally well executed as that of the Belvidere Apollo in Rome. If I am not misinformed, CANOVA admired the former even more than the latter: but let that pass. We are not all artists, and I would ask whether ninety-nine in the hundred have not their emotions excited by the character of the sculptured personage, which they can all appreciate, rather than by the workmanship of the statuary, which very few can properly estimate. Suppose there were two statues, equally well executed, one of Washington, the patriot, the other of Burke, the murderer; which of these would be most admired by the multitude? Would the character of the represented parties not enter into the feelings of the spectators? I apprehend that the result would be just what I have said, and what has given rise to your critique—"I can only admire the efforts of the *sculptor*."

But the whole tenor and object of my remarks was to satirize the mythology of the ancients, and to contrast it with the pure doctrine of Christianity. You ask, "What would the worthy doctor say to Jupiter?" If you will look to page 172 of my work, you will find that I have not spared the "THUNDERER."

"Behold that majestic form, that celestial countenance! It is the father of the gods. He has ceased to

'Shake his ambrosial curls and give the nod:'

which were too often the signals for *bloodshed and injustice*."\*

In fine, while I perfectly accord with all your sentiments respecting the merits of the ancient sculptors, I still maintain my opinion, that, to a *non-scientific spectator*, the character of the personage represented has a great effect on the feelings excited by the art of the sculptor—and this was all I ever contended for. I am, gentlemen, with profound respect, your most obedient servant,

Suffolk Place, Pall Mall, Jan. 12, 1833.

J. JOHNSON.

\* Change of Air, page 172, second edition.

SIR,—As the Roman Catholic performs his periodical pilgrimage to the shrine of his patron saint, so I seldom let the quarter pass without paying my visit to the chapels, monuments, and cloisters of Westminster Abbey. If he finds his devotion warmed by the contemplation of the virtues of his sanctified guardian, I also find my feelings excited, my imagination raised, and my ambition stimulated by my occasional wanderings through the gothic avenues of our metropolitan abbey, the very atmosphere of which seems calculated to inspire the sublimest sensations.

A few days since, I perceived, for the first time, the monument to Watt, lately executed and put up by Chantrey, a drawing of which was published in the Penny Magazine. The statue is of colossal size, and is erected in one of the smallest chapels—a giant among pigmies. This truly noble figure is calculated for an ample space, so that the spectator may view it from a distance, in order to allow him to include the whole at a glance, and justly estimate the relative proportions of the parts; but in this narrow, restricted space, it is impossible to recede from the statue further than a dozen feet, even in the remotest corner, and thus the eye is fatigued, distracted, and dissatisfied; besides, its contrast with the surrounding objects is so excessive, that the mind of the beholder cannot carry on any just comparison. The public will hardly attribute to the sculptor so great a want of judgment, as to imagine that he could compose a statue so disproportionate with the space which it was intended to occupy; but they are rather likely to accuse the Dean of a deficiency of good taste and public spirit in parsimoniously appropriating so inadequate a locality for the monument of a man to whom his country, and science in general, owe so much. At all events, however, the connoisseur will certainly condemn Mr. Chantrey for the bad taste evident in the architectural arrangement of the pedestal. The general idea is Roman, and Roman also the profile of the mouldings; but our sculptor, as if anxious to infuse a little of the style of the surrounding architecture of the building into his composition, has introduced a gothic leaf in the surbase mouldings, and filled up the angles of his pannels with a trefoil arrangement—a heterogeneous mixture, destructive of unity, and worthy only a barbarous age; the pedestal had with greater propriety been either all gothic or all Roman. Nor is this a solitary instance of want of taste in this respect in Mr. Chantrey; the pedestal to his statue of Pitt, in Hanover Square, is defective in proportion, style, and detail. It is to be hoped that not only Mr. Chantrey, but our other sculptors, will well study all the architectural accompaniments of their figures placed in public

situations—a statue may be dignified in expression, graceful in proportion, vigorous in attitude, and yet spoiled from a want of harmony in the base on which it stands. In France it is customary for the sculptors either to go through a course of architectural study, or when they compose a statue or a groupe, with a pedestal, to consult an architectural friend, whose maturer judgment in this particular department prevents any serious aberration from those proportions established in the works of the ancient, or productions of the modern masters—would, sir, that our English sculptors acted with the like judgment.

PHILOTECHNES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBRARY OF THE FINE ARTS.

SIR.—I see in your work on the Fine Arts, vol. IV., page 202, No. 21, that you refer to my Treatise on Outline, published in 1794—for a numerical catalogue, of above six hundred subjects, from engraved gems, almost all of which were from the finest antiques, selected with care from Mr. Tassie's cabinet of sulphur casts, and which I had partly arranged according to their styles of execution. But, unfortunately, whilst this treatise was in the press, Mr. Tassie published a new catalogue in two vols. quarto, edited by Mr. Raspe, in which the numbers of the casts were generally altered, so that *now* they indicate very different things from those I selected with much care; I must therefore trouble you to notice this alteration of numbers—and should I be able to correct the list of numbers so misplaced, you may depend on my sending it to you, for your work, as soon as it is finished for republication. I am, sir, yours,

Bristol.

G. CUMBERLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBRARY OF THE FINE ARTS.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Permit me to ask you in a most civilized tone—what on earth are you dreaming about? Are you in league with the apothecary to administer narcotics? I suspect you are an agent to Somnus, for upon my mercurial soul, you are mighty sedate. This cold weather we want a little fire, and you offer us chilly *sheets*. We demand talent, and you stuff us with knowledge. We want ideas, and you cram us with facts. I beg to say that I read your *Mag* regularly—no, by the bye, not regularly, for hang me if I can wade through a *teacher's yarn*. Your light articles I like—they might be more

humorous—but let that pass. Why don't you cut up more? I believe that men and animals were made to be cut up in their respective ways; your critiques are too full of the milk of human kindness, and are somewhat judicious, which is worse. Take my word for it, you would please more if you'd spare less. You ought to know that the only talent of the present day is *scurrility*, as it is miscalled, but which is merely a clever way of asserting *truisms*. Pray, then, avoid *twaddle*. No Latin and Greek, except to abuse—quotations always smell of the ferule, and make one feel so confounded little. So now, my dear Mr. Editor, pray take my advice, which is the best possible, and believe me,—Most judicious critic, your injudicious subscriber,

ALFRED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBRARY OF THE FINE ARTS.

SIR.—I cannot impress too strongly upon you the necessity of preserving a strictly classical tone. We do not read to be amused, but to glean instruction, and I am sorry to perceive that you have departed in some instances from the quiet unostentatious tenor I was prepared to expect, by the introduction of what is miscalled humour. Now, sir, although sense and propriety will not sell a magazine, you should be above pleasing the vulgar. I particularly approve of your refusing anecdotes in your biographies, which will, I hope, be continued: trusting that you will profit by advice from a friend,

I beg to subscribe myself, your constant reader,

Commercial Road, Jan. 11th, 1833.

BENJAMIN HAWKINS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBRARY OF THE FINE ARTS.

SIR.—Being an old subscriber to your work, and, as you state on the wrapper of your last, that you are not above *advice*, I beg leave to administer a little with the pure intention of adding a new feature to substitute one already so hackneyed, as to be no novelty; and *novelty* you will surely allow is the order of the day.

I apprehend that all Libraries and *lovers of Art* who have the power to purchase books, are in possession of the lives of *Barry* and *Hogarth*; consequently, I, amongst the rest, can find no interest in either looking at their portraits or in reading the accounts as given in your last, or rather *first* and *second* number of the *new series*. I

have a desire to see the work rise in public estimation, and so far as my slender abilities will enable me to assist its progression, I am at your service.

The arts of late years have undergone several changes, the present time is certainly not the worst; for example, I find engravers contented, which is saying much in favour of the profession: employment seems to be generally distributed among them, whatever it may be with others who are obliged to *brush* for existence. Considerable power lays in your hands to assist all, in the adoption of the advice before you. Do not think any longer to amuse your readers with what they are already acquainted. More good may be done in speaking well of the *living* than of the *dead*, although much has been said in objection. I believe every man is so far vain as to wish *his good deeds published*, and the rest may go for nought. With this view of the subject, it remains for your consideration, and the forthcoming year to demonstrate, what, in my supposition, will be produced at our Exhibitions of *Harvest-home*; should they prove abundant, perhaps, sir, you will favour your subscribers with some of the *Ears* and cropt *Heads* of the *Exhibitors*, as Illustrations of your  *gleanings of living talent*.

In furtherance of this plan, the introducing of other engravings may be necessary, such as *plans, interiors and exteriors of public and private buildings*, which have not been properly given in other works. Views of the British Museum, such as are *new*, Designs for *Parks and Gardens*, and views of those of the Metropolis: scenes from the *Zoological grounds*, and other places of amusement, are in my humble opinion what would give interest to your work, and promote its sale, and make it the most popular of the time.

Edward Street, Hampstead Road.

A. WIVELL.

P. S. Should this letter not be deemed worthy of print, please to leave it for the writer at the Publisher's.

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SIR.—I beg to suggest to you, with becoming diffidence, whether your Magazine might not with propriety be rendered more agreeable to the ladies. Instead of a portrait, the fashions for the month would be more attractive; and the heavy matter, which frightens us, might be removed for some pretty tales and sonnets. The subject of love might be rendered very delightful, by being connected with the Arts. Leaving these considerations to your superior judgment. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

January 7th, 1833.

A FEMALE READER.

SIR.—Knowing that advice will be acceptable to a person who caters for the public; I venture to hint, that your Library is not of sufficient thickness, and appearance is everything, as you well know.

It is, moreover, so very dry, that I have not been able to read a quarter of it.

I am, therefore, in hopes you will feel the necessity of extending it to a sheet more, at least. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

Park Lane, Jan. 18, 1833.

A CONSTANT READER.

MR. EDITOR : SIR,—A nephew of mine, a very clever fellow, advised me to take in your work, but as I find it contains nothing about politics, and my wife and daughters complain of there being no green-room tattle in your Dramatic Effects, as you call them, I must decline taking it for the future unless it is made more amusing. I am, Mr. Editor, respectfully, yours,

Borough, Jan. 6, 1833.

JOHN WARD.

#### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HATFIELD House, the seat of the Marquess of Salisbury, has been the scene of a picturesque gala, worthy of its noble origin. Groups from the various tales of Scott were performed by the *dressed* visitors. It must have been a curious sight, to see the high-born of the land arrayed in the exquisite habiliments of bygone centuries, which, but for the fatal change to the shrivelled and awkward cut of the present day, would have been their own legitimate suits. We can scarcely wonder at their ambition of shining in borrowed plumes. On glancing at the list of *characters*, we find but few of any note or of the highest rank, many of whom, however, were among the visitors, having probably at this perturbing season, other subjects of attention, than the cut of a doublet or the colour of a mantle. We perceive by the papers that Wilkie was present, so that there was at any rate *one* person present, who could appreciate the beauty of the scene. Not but what we of the lower grades can see a better *got-up* scene any night in the week for a convenient sum. The actors themselves must have had too much trouble, and the visitors had probably various thoughts of their own, but Wilkie must have been in a painter's heaven. By the bye, (if report speak true)



we wish him a better office than that of posture master to unlicensed players. In the midst of this intellectual banquet, one hungry soul in a "Times" article, complains of the paucity of refreshments, and in such a *tone*, that he *must* have suffered in his gastronomic feelings. This seems strange, for it is seldom that we can tax the aristocracy with pursuing the starving system among themselves. Oh fie! thou hungry critic. Is Hatfield House, hallowed by Elizabethian recollections, to be made a larder for thy craving nature? as well might we imagine an apple-stall against Northumberland House, or Crosby hall, in the possession of a packer.

We understand that Thomas Phillips, esq. R. A. and professor of painting at the Royal Academy, has resigned the post he has hitherto filled, with honour to himself, and credit to the Academy.

The Banqueting house at Whitehall, now used as a chapel, possesses a ceiling painted by Rubens, which is about to be doctored for a decay of the system. It is about to be placed under the care of some *recoverer* of old masters, doubtless for the benefit of "fresh air." We tremble at the idea!

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#### ON OBJECTIONABLE PRINTS.

AMONGST the innovations to which we have been exposed by our connexion with the continent, there is not one of a more seductive or fatal tendency than the introduction of foreign prints of an improper character. It is not one of those changes which have resulted from a beneficial spirit of inquiry—which the force of accumulated errors has brought down upon us with the irresistible power of acknowledged right; but an insidious foe that waited the approach of liberal principles, to steal into the unguarded mind of a nation ardent in pursuit of right. The facility of obtaining the productions of foreign art is an advantage that all must appreciate, since the comparison of the merits of the respective schools is replete with instruction and delight to the candid and emulous mind; but, that this facility should afford the means of pandering to licentious fancies is an humiliating lesson, since we find that in the same channel are wafted both the crystal stream, and the slimy refuse.

We can scarcely wonder at the willingness of the rapacious dealer to avail himself of the libidinous taste of his customers—he, at any rate, has the palliation of necessity; but what can be said to those contemptible members of society, who have so little respect for others, and so slender a regard for themselves, as to patronize the corrupt effusions of degraded talent. It would appear to every delicate mind that the very nature of the Art by which these depraved imaginings are conveyed should secure it from such a pollution—but, alas! the barriers of delicacy are broken down—those honorable and beneficial prejudices, which are the handmaids of virtue, have been sunk in the cosmopolitism of an age, when, to have little regard for human or divine ordinances is hailed as a sign of extended views and emancipated intellect.

It is one step towards civilization to force vice into its own gloomy recesses, and it is laudatory of the dignity of nature to affix a public stigma upon what is criminal or depraved. In drawing the line of decorum it is somewhat difficult to be liberal yet just, and too often to avoid the imputation of rigidity we become guilty of a culpable laxity. It is certainly more philosophical to be even a little too much on the side, which, whatever may be its errors, neither sanctions impudence, nor palliates indecency.

Propriety issues its mandates in vain; the voice of wisdom is quenched in the yells of ignorance and licentiousness, and instead of seeking refinement in the groves of Academus, we glean the tainted illusions of Paphos. We are arrogant in the possession of a freedom of intellect, which, on the one hand, elevates us beyond restraint, while on the other, it degrades us to the level of idiots and brutes. With the stealthy pace of evil, corruption has assailed us: we have yielded homage to the charms of a school possessing considerable powers, and in the exuberance of a candid admiration have been led insensibly to sanction the wanton smiles of a profligate. We cannot be deemed fastidious—our profession forbids it; but it is from that very profession—the herald of great deeds and the arcana of beauty, that we have imbibed a veneration for the attributes of our nobler nature, and a profound abhorrence of the pitiful labours of sensual and mercenary artists, from whose baleful radiance we recoil with contempt and disgust. “A plague on foreign arts,” if they are to bully us out of our national dignity; and let it be remembered that our dignity is infinitely more implicated in the spread of corruption at home, than in the impertinence of foreign dictation, or the choice of bad sovereigns for manacled nations; and that we support independence and virtue by

the cultivation of the intellect, and not by diplomatic trickery or military massacres.

In verity, we are a strange people: while we are coolly denouncing the French as ingenious but depraved epicureans, we eagerly revel in their noxious dainties, forgetting to cry "peccavi." Let French arts flourish in France, but let us, as becomes a manly nation, spurn these rank exotics from our soil, and cultivate our own more honorable talents. The Luxury of Persia enervated the victorious Greek; the stern Roman was subjugated by the venom of effeminacy, and perished without the halo of greatness.

We ask if a truly British heart would not bleed for his country, if on the shores of France he beheld cases of the nauseous productions of the French pencil and pen, with the following inscription, "For the English people, who profess to despise foreigners for their depraved fancies, yet willingly imbibe the taint of their degradation." We have hitherto been proud of being deemed citizens of the world's emporium; we are fast earning the title of the emporium of the world's licentiousness. Formerly a few miserable stalls, kept by outcasts, were the only receptacles for the devices of immorality, but in this cosmopolite age, the best shops in the best thoroughfares are the temples of obscenity; and the virtuous individuals of this virtuous nation, flock around them with the gloating of ignorant wonder, or the keen chuckle of practised lasciviousness. To whom, then, is this evil to be attributed? To the men of England: and to them we solemnly address this earnest appeal. We are aware that with the heartless and brainless fops and debauchees who hang like a poison-cloud over this unhappy town, the voice of admonition is unavailing; but, there may be minds, which in their noble manhood would achieve dignity, that have been fascinated by the wiles of impure Art. To these we venture to address ourselves; and from the depths of our hearts we warn them from acquiring a relish for those grovelling efforts of iniquity, which will degrade the understanding from its high estate, and unfit it for the exercise of its purest attributes—the love of virtue—the reverence of wisdom, and the admiration of beauty.

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#### NATIONAL GALLERY.

I NOTICED, in a preceding number of the Library of the Fine Arts, what I believe to be the only authentic account of the intended New National Gallery, yet given to the public, a copy of the *Vote Paper of the House of Commons*. Such an edifice has long been called for,

and requires great perfection, both as to its contrivance and outward appearance. The proposed situation is, perhaps, the most central and the finest in the metropolis; anything less than a very fine building would, therefore, be most unsatisfactory. But as a model and drawings exist, would it not be more pleasing to the public, as well as more in unison with justice, if those drawings and models were properly exhibited, so that faults might be pointed out, or suggestions for its improvement given either directly to the architect or through the medium of the press, before the building is too far advanced for any remedy? Had this system been adopted, I am convinced the public would never have had to complain so much of the want of beauty and propriety in the palace of Pimlico, nor would Mr. Smirke, in the construction of the otherwise beautiful Elgin Room, at the British Museum, have adopted so injudicious a mode of admitting the light, that the principal use of those incomparable marbles, the improvement of the student, is utterly lost.

Many complaints have been made of how little taste and judgment in matters of art is shewn by the people of England; but if the plans, &c., of public edifices were more frequently laid before them, a taste would be created, and the repeated exercise of their judgment would lead to the happiest results. This is no new or impracticable scheme, for it was the plan pursued with regard to the Bourse in Paris: the drawings were publicly exhibited, and engravings of it published, with full descriptions, and the result was, such alterations from the original plan as to make it the finest building in Europe, and the admiration of all who behold it.

Even now it may not be too late to exhibit them at Somerset House, or perhaps at some of the Government offices, which might prove the means of rendering this building, instead of a disgrace, as our public monuments have too often hitherto been, the glory of the Arts of this country, and worthy its particular object: if however it should be supposed too much to grant at once to the public, arrangements might at least be made to admit every member of that parliament from whence the supplies must be obtained, each honorable gentleman being provided with a ticket for *self and friend*.